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From Publisher—To You

UNTIL recently, we suspect, the ordinary person has felt much as we have on the subject of our relations with Nicaragua—i. e., confused and mystified.

SEVERAL weeks ago, when General Moncada, leader of the Liberal army in the late civil war in that country, was in New York, the opportunity presented itself to invite him to lunch and find out exactly how the whole affair appeared to one of the Nicaraguans personally involved.

AT the luncheon we asked him all the questions every one has been asking since our State Department's policy in Nicaragua first got into the headlines of the news. This present article by the General is partly the result. It affords an excellent and certainly an authoritative view of a subject hitherto discussed solely from an American point of view. It cleared our minds considerably. We hope it will do the same for our readers.

DUNCAN AIKMAN, whose "Disappearing Cowboy" appears in this issue, is well qualified to give a true as well as a colorful picture of our Southwest, for he lives in El Paso. He is not only a writer of ability, but has recently been making a study of the Western legends concerning the feminine frontier companions of our pioneers. The result has just been published under the title of "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats."

INCIDENTALLY, we found Parkhurst Whitney's "On a Highly Desirable State"—also in this issue—exceedingly provocative of thought on the subject of prohibition, and likely to inspire some one to do what he seems to desire—to make as clear and explicit the belief of the wets as that of the drys already is. Clearly, we are only at the beginning of the final solution of this problem.

IT is one of the reasons we feel it so necessary to provide more space in The Outlook for intelligent articles on those matters of the day which are under discussion. Beginning with the January 4 issue, The Outlook will print twice as many contributed articles as it does now.

F. R. B.

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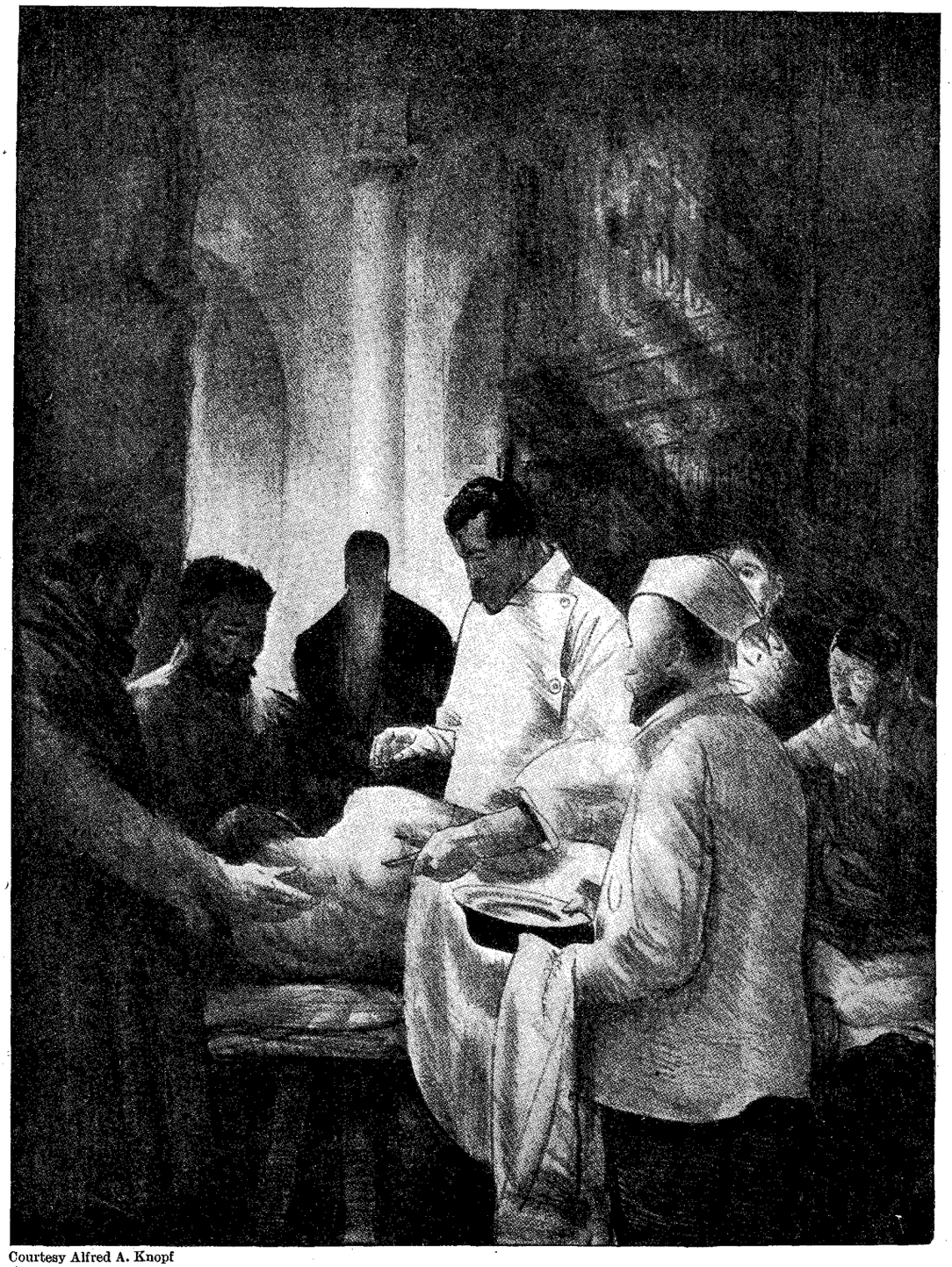

Courtesy Alfred A. Knopf

THE BASE HOSPITAL

A lithograph by the late George W. Bellows

This picture represents him in his best medium, though here he is dealing with a scene remote from the America that received most of his interested attention

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The Outlook

Volume 147 December 14, 1927 Number 15

THE WEEK

The Unready Senate

THE House of Representatives in the Seventieth Congress was ready to begin the transaction of essential business the minute after it was organized—and organization was effected without friction. The Senate, after assembling and passing routine resolutions, without definite organization, was ready merely to begin debating a mass of vexatious preliminaries to the transaction of business.

The comparative efficiency of the two houses, apparently, has not changed since the last Congress, or since the last but one. For several years past the Senate has tended more and more to become an acrimonious debating society, while the House has become steadily more businesslike. The work of the last session of the Sixty-ninth Congress furnished a startling revelation of this state of affairs.

The Senate is always hindered by cumbersome rules, lending themselves to obstructionist tactics. This time it is further hindered by lack of a working majority.

Workable rules and a dependable majority are elements in the greater efficiency of the House, but the will to work is the main thing.

Smith, Vare, and the Senate

FRANK L. SMITH and William S. Vare —and a majority which is a mere fiction, figment, and figure of speech.

Those are the reasons for the failure of the Senate of the Seventieth Congress to organize on the first day of the session. Without Smith and Vare there is no Republican majority, and the Republicans are by no means sure that they want a majority attained by honoring the credentials of these two men.

So, after such brief formalities as the swearing in of new members and the election of a chaplain (there is hope for the Senate in that it is not certain that it can get on without prayers), Senator Curtis, leader of the Republican (by courtesy) majority, moved adjournment until the next day, and stipulated in the motion that nothing except the hearing of the President's Message—not even the formalities of organization—should be undertaken until after determination of the question of whether or not Smith and Vare are entitled to seats in the Senate.

Senator Norris, Republican, but wearing the mantle so loosely that it falls about his ankles at times, had introduced two resolutions—one declaring that Mr. Smith's election and nomination were so tainted with fraud as to invalidate even his credentials, the other declaring the same and a bit more of Vare. Many vials of wrath, carbonated with words, were ready to be uncorked. If the President of the United States were to be given the opportunity of having his Message read, some such move as that made by Senator Curtis was necessary. Senator Robinson, leader of the Democratic (by self-abnegation) minority, announced that there was no objection from his side. And so the Senate took the wise action of recessing without organizing.

Until almost the last minute, it had been assumed that, since the Democrats did not want to do it, the Republicans would organize the Senate. But their recalcitrants had demanded assurances of Senator Curtis which he could not give—assurances that a farm relief bill and a bill to curb the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes would be reported out of committee. He did assure them that he would do all in his power to bring those bills to a vote, but they then demanded that he pledge the Republican members of the committees that would have the bills in charge, and that he protested his inability to do.

So, it being not quite sure that the Democrats would forego the opportunity of organizing the Senate with the recalcitrant Republicans sitting silent, the Senate did nothing—which, as some would say, is its natural gait.

Meanwhile, one of the most significant questions with which the Senate has had to deal awaits determination. It is the question whether or not a man coming to the door of the Senate with credentials on their face regular can be denied a seat—whether a State can be, for any space of time, denied representation in the Senate of the United States by the man for whom the majority of ballots were cast.

Before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers the Senate doubtless will have answered that question.

The answer that is given to the question of excluding Smith and Vare may determine many things in the conduct of the affairs of this Nation in the future.

For Better Conditions in the Philippines

A GREAT change seems to have come over the tone of the talk by Philippine politicians. In particular this change is noticeable in the recent remarks of Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate. With Senator Osmena, he has been in the United States on a mission to urge a plan that might be called a compromise between the old demand for immediate independence and the present status of the islands.

Evidently it has at last penetrated the minds of some Philippine politicians that what the Philippines most urgently need is, not more politics, but more business. At present there are no commercial or industrial leaders among the Filipinos themselves. The politicians have found that you cannot carry on a country on words alone. They have been disappointed that American capital has not rushed to the islands to place itself under the whimsical regulation of men who know nothing about business or finance. Mr. Quezon practically said as much in his recent speech in New York. Of course, the last thing that these Philippine politicians want is to have the

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United States cut the islands wholly adrift. They would like to have the United States keep a benevolent guardianship over the islands and American capitalists make investments there. Now they are realizing that they cannot have either American capital or American protection without some degree of American authority.

What Messrs. Quezon and Osmena are now supporting is a proposal known as the Guevara plan. This is not a suggested form of Government for the islands, but a suggested means of considering the whole Philippine problem and formulating a plan to solve it. The author of this proposal is the resident Philippine Commissioner Pedro Guevara. He suggested it at the Williamstown Institute of Politics last summer. We gave some account of it in The Outlook at the time. As summarized by the author this plan is as follows:

> The Congress in the United States and the Philippine Legislature should be authorized by a joint or concurrent resolution to appoint committees to meet jointly for the discussion of the facts and merits underlying the Philippine problem, with a view to recommending a satisfactory solution. The President of the United States must likewise appoint four members, two of them residents in the Philippines.

The main purpose of this proposal seems to be to take the Philippine question out of party politics in both the Philippines and the United States. Various political changes have been suggested for the Philippine Government—among them a dominion form of government something like that of Canada. But it is clear that the main need of the Philippines is, not a new political formula, but a better economic condition. As Secretary Davis, of the War Department, says in his annual report just issued, "There has been a stressing of the political capacity of the people, at the expense of the development of productive capacity."

A self-governing people must also be self-supporting.

Synthetic Rubber Again

HAS synthetic rubber at last arrived? The German dye or chemical trust announces that it has. We Americans, who use more rubber than all the rest of the world put together, want to know whether this is true. Those who keep track of such things recall that the same announcement has been made about once a year for two decades and that, despite it, we still find ourselves buying the rubber nature made. Yet some day a successful process probably is going to be hit upon.

Synthesizing rubber has been accomplished for many years. The real difficulty is to make rubber that is just as good as the product of the Brazilian rubber tree and to make it for less or at equal cost. And this has never before been done. In 1912 the Germans began making synthetic rubber, but it was not good enough for soft-rubber products, only for hard; and when the war came Germany went rubberless despite her science.

Keystone

Senator Vare, of Pennsylvania, whose right to a seat in the Senate is disputed

(*See page 451*)

Rubber chemists, of whom there is a whole corps hammering continually on this problem alone, have been learning new things about rubber of late. One interesting thing just discovered is that it is crystalline—something we find hard to square with our ideas of crystals and of rubber. By a comparatively recent application of X-rays—the X-ray diffraction analysis of molecular structure in crystals described some time ago in these columns—Professor Katz, of the University of Amsterdam, has clearly shown that the tiny globules in rubber are mutually hooked together somewhat like mountain climbers on a rope, and are equally helpful to one another. This is the real secret of rubber's elasticity. All synthetic rubber has had the right chemical composition, but the mountain climbers in it were not roped together correctly; hence it was not very elastic.

What the Germans now claim to have done is to obtain their raw materials as by-products of the new Bergius process of liquefaction of coal, recently described in The Outlook, and to have learned how to rope the molecules together for good elastic team-work.

Rubber from coal is a dream—yes, a dream that delights the chemist.

Other Rubber Hopes

WHAT of other rubber developments that have been more or less in the news of late? What of Henry Firestone's Liberian plantations? What of the plans to grow rubber in the Amazon basin? What of Mr. Edison's experiments in Florida? What of *guayule* (gwy-oo-lay), a kind of shrub rubber to be grown in the semi-desert regions of the Southwest?

Mr. Firestone's plan is progressing; he proposed to grow in Africa the same tree that was long ago transplanted from Brazil to the Malaya plantations—the *Hevea*, our chief source of rubber. Mr. Edison is experimenting with several of the rubber-producing plants known to all rubber experts; the best showing has been made by a plant of the milkweed family from Madagascar, but only by machine harvesting could this home culture succeed in competition with thirty-cent Malayan labor. And *guayule* is already being cultivated on several hundred Californian acres; it is rubber, but not "the" rubber (*Hevea*), and is not as good, although it is good.

Any one of these plans may push to the front, or the newly announced synthetic process may win. At present this is anybody's guess.

Which will win the race—the planter, the botanist, or the chemist?

What About American Shipping?

A FORECAST of debate and perhaps legislation in the new Congress is seen in recent news reports. Thus the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers in a resolution declare that both American commercial efficiency and National defense are facing grave dangers. Senator Reed, of Missouri, be-

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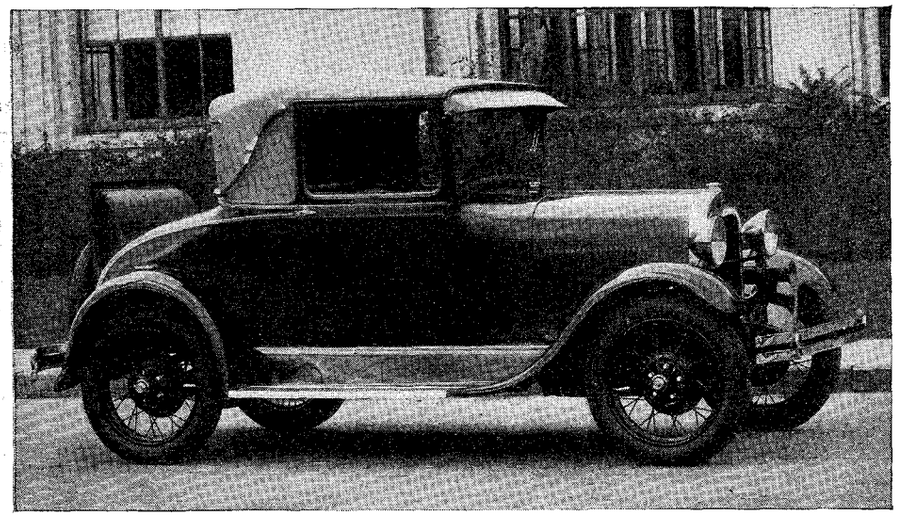

THE MYSTERY REVEALED

One type of the new and long-awaited Fords

(See page 459)

fore the Propeller Club, held forth on shipping trenchantly and, as is his wont, laid all the blame on the protective tariff.

More definite is an elaborate plan put forth by Mr. Hurley, formerly head of the United States Shipping Board. Briefly stated, Mr. Hurley advocates a half-billion-dollar Federal revolving fund to aid ship-building by loans, and in return the enrollment of all such ships in the Naval Reserve; the sale of the Government's merchant ships (preference to be given to buyers who build ships under the revolving fund plan); participation by railways in ship owning and operating; and readjustment (reduction, he means) in Panama Canal tolls. Mr. Hurley is careful to explain that his plan is not at all one for subsidies. "Government subsidies," he says, "destroy initiative and breed inefficiency."

One comment upon the Hurley plan, made by the head of a steamship company, is, in substance: "You can build ships if the Government helps by loans; but how are you going to run them at a profit under the disparity caused by the present American shipping laws?"

The Hurley plan may be a good starter for Congress, but what will it look like when Congress is done with it?

Getting Together in Air Science

As the science and practice of aviation grow—and they are growing faster by leaps and bounds—the element of safety in construction and skill in operation becomes of vital importance. Last week's conference in Washington was called by the Department of Commerce through Mr. W. P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics of the Department. It is a serious attempt to get unity of standards fixed as between the Department and the designers, engineers, and manufacturers who have been invited to the conference.

The Department has power to enforce its own standards as to what endangers safety, but it believes that joint discussion may make drastic measures unnecessary.

What the condition today is has been illustrated by Clarence Chamberlin's statement that the work on some of the planes in use is so incredibly bad that a self-respecting carpenter wouldn't pass it, and the remark of Paul Henderson, formerly of the Air Mail Service, that "old tubs, scarcely safe on the ground, are being taken into the air by pilots without qualifications." Wildcat flying is both a menace to life and a detriment to the spread of sound commercial flying.

Today there are nearly a hundred manufacturers of airplanes in America; in two or three years the number may be doubled. Now is the time to fix rules and enforce regulations. This conference at Washington should prove a landmark in the history of aviation.

Not only the United States but the States individually should curb bad manufacture and reckless flying as well as provide airports. Some steps have been taken in this direction, but much more remains to be done.

When experts agree on safety standards and the public ceases to admire dare-devils, commercial aviation will gain the attention it deserves.

Uncle Sam's Business

NOTHING can be found in the annual report of the Secretary of Commerce to justify pessimism as to the future of American commerce and industry. On the contrary, Secretary Hoover shows that the year ended on June 30 last was one of high and steady prosperity. Thus in the largest field of productive industry—manufactures—the levels of the previous year were considered high, but were appreciably surpassed in the year under discussion. So also with transportation and electric current production.

The Secretary does not make predictions nor argue about remedies for the weaker side of the record—as, for instance, the farm problems. But it is a reasonable probability that such deflation as has taken place in some directions would have to be much greater and more widely spread than it is now for the general level of commerce and production to be strongly affected.

Mr. Hoover does, indeed, go so far as to say that the situation as a whole is such as to obviate the danger of a serious depression.

Meanwhile, American wages, Mr. Hoover tells us, are higher than anywhere else in the world or than at any other time in world history.

A Prussian Honored in America

BARON VON STEUBEN was a Prussian military expert, but he was not a soldier of fortune, seeking money and fame in wars that did not concern him. He came to America a hundred and fifty years ago because he sympathized with liberty and self-government. The newly appointed German Ambassador to the United States asserted at a celebration of the sesquicentennial anniversary of General von Steuben's landing in America, held in Berlin on December 1, that von Steuben was an exponent of the political ideas of Frederick the Great, but it is well known that the practice and idealistic theory of that monarch were at odds. The example of Lafayette probably at least equally influenced von Steuben.

In a semi-fictitious but basically historical article in the current issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" von Steuben is made to remark that he had gone through a hard life of all but continuous battle and was getting old, adding: "You'd think I'd have had enough war. I am rich, I have activities that are not

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military—among other things, a canonship of the Cathedral of Havelberg. It wasn't St. Germain that, at heart, persuaded me to come to America. No, it was the feeling America had shown again —a spirit of liberty."

The service General von Steuben did for Washington and for America was enormous. He wielded raw, unruly patriots into disciplined, organized troops. Our Revolutionary soldiers had courage aplenty, but they lacked drill and training. Old as he was, von Steuben was open to new ideas and saw that the independent and self-reliant spirit of American soldiers could be adapted to a less mechanical style of fighting than that of Hessians or even British.

When the war was over, von Steuben identified himself with his adopted country, became a landholder, and died an honored citizen.

America rightly honors the memory of this man who was a wholehearted and not a hyphenate American.

Three Views Against Prohibiton

In the first public utterance he has made for some months on any National question Governor Smith laid all responsibility for prohibition legislation upon the Federal Government. He declared in a speech before the New York State League of Women Voters on December 2 that there was no need of a State enforcement law. He said that the only difference occasioned by the absence of a State enforcement law was that all violators of the Federal act must be tried in a Federal, not a State court. As he put it, the discussion of the Volstead Act ended "as far as the people of this State are concerned in 1920, when the Government said, 'Keep your hands off.'" He added that the enforcement of the law rested upon local authority. Briefly, in respect to prohibition Governor Smith seems to be an extreme Federalist.

In this respect he is at the opposite pole from another eminent opponent of prohibition, Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, who scarcely lets an opportunity slip to demand that the Federal Government keep its hands off and leave prohibition to the States.

A third view seems to be that of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, which is advocating a National referendum on prohibition which will be "in conscience binding" on all nominees of both parties for Congress. This policy was advocated apparently at a dinner attended by opponents of prohibition at the Union League Club in New York. We wonder if Governor Smith would abandon his Federalistic view or Governor Ritchie would abandon his States' rights view in consequence of a popular referendum.

At present the opponents of prohibition appear to be agreed only in being opponents.

Wetness Revives Drought

Perhaps that little group of earnest wet Republicans who met at the Union League Club in New York and commended the project of raising $3,000,000 to annihilate Federal prohibition will be remembered gratefully by certain Southern politicians who are both dry and anti-Smith.

These Republican wets have unconsciously provided an answer to the argument that Governor Smith's nomination is a necessity of Democratic practical politics. The theory is, of course, that to carry the wet Eastern States the Democrats must nominate a wet candidate. That theory rests on the assumption that in 1928 the Republicans will be, at least in their professions, dry. If now the Republicans should become as wet as Senator Wadsworth, President Butler, and Captain Stayton, head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment—that is to say, somewhat wetter than Governor Smith has as yet avowed himself to be—the Democrats would have to abandon the wet Eastern States to a wet Republican, clutch the dry and Solid South to the party bosom, and proceed to crusade for the dry West.

The hope of such a realignment may be illusory, but it is something to talk about.

Anti-Tammany, anti-Smith, anti-wet Democrats, not relishing defeat, welcome any sign that Governor Smith, after all, may not be indispensable to victory.

Nicaragua Votes Liberal

With United States marines in control, Nicaragua has recently held some significant local and municipal elections. They are important as signs showing which way the national elections next year may go under similar supervision. Despite the fact that the election machinery was in the hands of the Conservatives, who are now in power, the Liberals won.

The outcome of the voting is the best evidence that the presence of troops from the United States has guaranteed a fair test of political strength. The landing of naval forces, followed by the armistice proposals of Henry L. Stimson as representative of President Coolidge, as outlined in an editorial on another page, brought to an end the civil war between the Conservative faction supporting President Diaz and the Liberal faction headed by former Vice-President Sacasa. Now the organization of a Nicaraguan National Guard, under United States marine officers, is under way. Anti-Administration spokesmen have opposed all of these measures. But elsewhere in this issue General Moncada, who commanded the Liberal army, tells what he thinks of the United States policy and the need for the marines. And the local election returns back up his words.

The United States forces in Nicaragua are the only guaranty there of fair elections and representative government.

The Fourth Champion in Fifty Years

To most outsiders the world of chess is a world by itself. Yet even to those who know little or nothing of the game the emergence of a new world champion in chess is an event of note. Before Capablanca, the Cuban master who has just yielded his title, there had been only two recognized world champions in the history of the game. Paul Morphy, of New Orleans, was, it is true, recognized generally as the foremost chess player in the world for a few years after 1857; but the first champion of record was Steinitz. That was fifty years ago. Following him came Lasker, then Capablanca, and now Alekhine.

The match in which Alekhine won his title was the longest ever played. It began at Buenos Aires on September 17 and, after thirty-four games in seventy-four days, it concluded there with Capablanca's resignation after the eighty-second move of the last game on November 29. Of the thirty-four games played, twenty-five were drawn. Until this match was played Capablanca was generally supposed to be unbeatable. It was in 1921 that Dr. Lasker yielded the title to Capablanca, in which the Cuban out of fourteen games won four to Lasker's none. But Capablanca has now fallen in the first championship match which he has played since that year. Like many other chess players, he began as a boy, being champion of Cuba at twelve years of age. While at Columbia

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Cartoons of the Week

North in the Washington Post

Another new model; but what's under the hood?

From Lt. Comdr. John W. Morse, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.

Harding in the New York Herald Tribune

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Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Priscilla and John Alden

From E. B. Raymond, Dixon, Ill.

Kirby in the New York World

Lizzie's got a little sister

From Miss Janey Kudlich, Union City, N. J.

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University, New York, he was the leader of the chess team. He was more, however, than a chess player, for he played baseball and tennis.

His successor is a Russian by birth, but now a citizen of France by choice. He has an extraordinary memory, as a chess player must have, which is another way of saying that he has the power of excluding everything but chess from his mind. He holds the world's record in playing blindfold chess. Capablanca says of him that in the "middle game" he is apt to turn the balance in his favor at the slightest error of his adversary, but that his playing is best in certain endings.

Capablanca, according to an article by him in the New York "Times," believes that skill in the playing of chess has reached such a stage that all games could practically be transformed into one of half a dozen well-known lines, and he says of himself that, if one were satisfied to draw, it would not be impossible to draw all the games.

Chess, the former champion believes, at least for contests among the masters, needs to be modified.

Gerard and Turkey's Envoy

ANY American has a native right to espouse the cause of an alien people, to despise another alien people, and to voice his feelings towards both of them. But when he is a public man who has held the post of Ambassador it is his duty to speak responsibly. That demand may fairly be made upon the Hon. James W. Gerard, formerly Ambassador to Germany, in connection with his attacks upon Moukhtar Bey, the new envoy of Nationalist Turkey in Washington.

Mr. Gerard denounces Moukhtar Bey as the one-time representative of his Government in Moscow, and declares that he was responsible in that capacity for an agreement which led to the killing of 30,000 Armenians in a Turkish attack on the Armenian Republic of the Caucasus and to the division of that tiny nation after it was recognized by the United States. He also asserts that the arrangement by which President Coolidge has received the Turkish Minister is unconstitutional, violating the terms of the treaty of 1830 with Turkey. As a leader of the Committee Opposed to the Ratification of the Lausanne Treaty with Nationalist Turkey, Mr. Gerard insists that the earlier compact is still in force. And he calls the presence of Moukhtar Bey "an insult to the American people."

Moukhtar Bey, on his arrival in the United States, issued an informal denial of Mr. Gerard's charges. In fairness,

Wide World

Ahmed Moukhtar Bey, new Turkish Ambasssador to the United States

the grounds alleged for them ought to be stated.

The fact that the United States refused treaty relations with Nationalist Turkey entitles her envoy particularly to ordinary diplomatic courtesy.

A Methodist Board Watches Its Step

BY its failure to pass an already prepared resolution against Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidency the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals has disavowed the action of various local and regional bodies that have formally opposed Governor Smith without a qualm. But it has done more. It has indicated that the shrewd leaders of this Board, occasionally called by hostile critics the Methodist Church's political branch, have come to realize that a religious denomination must venture into National politics with the utmost care. Separation of Church and State is a principle as applicable to Protestant bodies as it is to the Catholic Church. Almost immediately before the failure of the anti-Smith resolution an editorial statement in the Board's official organ was printed discountenancing the referendum proposition in Ohio sponsored by the Anti-Saloon League which would have legalized a modified fee system in minor prohibition cases. And immediately after the defeat of the anti-Smith resolution the Board's talented secretary, Mr. Deets Pickett, announced that Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, a dry Roman Catholic, would make, from the Board's point of view, an acceptable Democratic candidate for President.

It is evident that the censory apparatus of the Board has informed its membership that there are many who are beginning to feel that prohibition may have been created and maintained by denominational bodies functioning as political factions. It is not necessary to be opposed to prohibition *per se* to feel that this is a dangerous approach to a form of theocratic government in the United States which is untraditional and in every way undesirable. This view may not be unanswerable, but in a campaign which threatens to be unusually complicated by discussion of the relation of Church and State it might easily be seized upon by the agitator. An avowedly Methodist veto on Governor Smith's nomination might indeed become a major issue in the campaign of 1928. There is therefore to be no formally resolved anti-Smith campaign among Methodists for which their most conspicuous political agency can be blamed.

Moreover, the example of the Board and the precepts which may quietly be handed down from such eminent authority may check the practice of conferences and local organizations to pass direct anti-Smith resolutions, or at least to suggest that they do more considering before they act. Individual Methodists, like other individuals, will, of course, be left free to oppose Governor Smith and any other candidate with his views. But it appears that the decision has been judiciously made that no fight shall be undertaken by the Methodist Board as such. It is a good sign. The example might well extend to all denominational bodies.

No reform is worth the cost of "sectarianizing" American politics.

Conservation and Christmas

DENVER, Colorado, has solved the Christmas tree problem in a way that at once delights the children and pleases the conservationists. The forty thousand trees used in the community this month are the overflow of the Pike National Forest and of timber lands un-

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Photograph by H. D. Cochrane

SOLVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE PROBLEM IN COLORADO

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

The cutting of these evergreens in the Pike National Forest serves the double purpose of thinning the growth and providing Christmas decorations

der private ownership. The trees used for Christmas are those cut for the sake of thinning the growth and improving the condition of the trees left standing.

The roadside through the Pike Forest displays signs inviting purchasers for trees. One of these signs, for example, reads:

CHRISTMAS TREE AREA

Trees are sold and cut on this area to thin the stand and secure increased growth in remaining trees. Cutting or removal of trees is permitted only under the direct supervision of the Forest Service. A Forest officer will be on the area during the Christmas tree season.

Under a city ordinance, all the trees sold in Denver must bear tags certifying that they were cut as beneficial thinnings. Trees offered without such tags subject the venders to legal penalty.

That no injury results is proved by the fact that thinning requires the cutting of many more trees than those used for Christmas decoration.

Another method of using trees for Christmas without depleting our forests is that of setting up a living Christmas tree. For those who have grounds in which they can plant trees the use of the living tree for Christmas serves a double purpose. It not only insures a tree that will remain fresh during the period of celebration, but it supplies a tree of intrinsic beauty and sentimental associations for the home grounds. There is at least one organization which makes a special business of providing such trees, delivering them in specially constructed cartons with their roots kept fresh.

The Christmas tree is a legitimate product of our forests, but it should be and can be provided without deforestation.

State Aid to Floggers?

WHEN C. C. McCall, Attorney-General of Alabama, withdrew from the Crenshaw County flogging cases with the statement that State law enforcement officers had "shown a frenzied desire to assist the defense instead of the prosecuting officials," he probably did more toward stamping out lawlessness in Alabama than he would have done if he could have secured convictions.

Public opinion against floggers and against those who protect them was already both strong and general. The action of the Attorney-General will both strengthen and spread it. Meanwhile, the Crenshaw County cases are not dismissed, but merely continued.

Some of the statements made in connection with Mr. McCall's withdrawal are decidedly serious. The most startling is that a confidential report made to Governor Graves by Chief McAdory, of the State Law Enforcement Bureau, was found in the possession of Ira B. Thompson, reputed head of the Luverne branch of the Ku Klux Klan.

Governor Graves was elected with Klan support, and the general belief has been that he is in sympathy with the organization. In that the Governor of Alabama is, of course, within his rights. If, however, he permits to go uninvestigated a charge so serious as that made by Attorney-General McCall, he will be subject to the just criticism of good citizens. It is sufficiently serious that the Attorney-General charges the presence of a confidential report to the Governor in the hands of an official of the Klan, but it becomes more serious in connection with the Attorney-General's statement that along with this report were communications from the Grand Dragon of the Alabama Klan revealing what the Attorney-General brands as an attempt to intimidate him, but which the Grand Dragon is reported to have described as an effort "to bring the Attorney-General to his senses."

In situations such as exist in Alabama, it is important to secure convictions, if possible; but it is more important to see that the facts be made known.

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Temperance and Prohibition

IN his article on another page Mr. Whitney writes:

"They—the wets—say they do not want the saloon back. They needn't worry. But what precisely do they want?"

It was precisely to get rid of the saloon, and back of the saloon the legalized liquor trade, that was the object of prohibition.

Why?

Because the liquor trade even when legalized was lawless. It defied regulation. It was everywhere a source of political corruption. It defied municipal authority, local authority, State authority. Refusing to abide by restraint, it was abolished.

The early temperance movement with its Bands of Hope, its pledge, its White Ribbons, was one thing; the movement that brought about National prohibition by the Eighteenth Amendment was quite another. In the temperance movement there were undoubtedly many who hoped to be able to make men temperate by law; others who hoped to make them temperate by abstinence; still others who hoped to induce them to become temperate by self-control. But, by whatever means, their object was the moral reform of the drinkers. For good or ill the day of that movement has long since past. But one thing is plain—in its high noon it never approached National prohibition. States, with few exceptions, that adopted prohibition under that influence abandoned it. Then there started another movement. It was less of a temperance movement than an anti-trust movement. It was directed, not to the moral reform of the individual, but the restraint of a dangerous and rebellious trust, the liquor trust. As the old temperance movement waned, this newer movement waxed. It gained its momentum through local option laws. People who did not profess to be total abstainers joined it. They saw in the American saloon but one of the many arms of an octopus of trade. It was a time when people were learning the differences between a good trust and a bad trust; and what they saw in the liquor trust was only bad. They saw it breaking ruthlessly the restraints of the law against selling to minors, against selling out of hours, against selling to drunkards, and other restraints in places where the sale was at all allowed. They saw it thrusting itself on communities that had outlawed it by local option. They saw it invading States that had chosen to keep it out. They saw it encamped about factories, living like a parasite on the life of other and productive businesses. They saw it laying siege to every dry State and every dry town and making breaches in the walls erected to keep it out. Their numbers, it is true, were swollen by the temperance advocates and preachers, but they constituted a force that the ascetics could never muster. And so at last they lost patience and swept the whole business, good and bad, into outlawry.

Was it wise? Would the opponents of the liquor trade have done better if they had waited for more victories? They were pressing the trade hard. Could they have humbled it? That may be debated; but it is now an academic question. Prohibition, with its accompaniment of bootlegging, is here. The only question that counts is what shall we do with it.

Shall we try to get rid of prohibition, whether we substitute something better or not? To get rid of prohibition it will not be enough to get a majority to say or even think that drink may be good. Probably a majority of those who fought the fight that brought about prohibition were unwilling to say that to drink a stein of beer or a glass of wine was of itself evil. That was not what they were aiming at. It will be possible to get rid of prohibition only when a majority (probably a large majority) are willing to think and say that they want the old saloon back and want to reinstate the liquor traffic.

There is only one alternative that any so-called wets now propose—Government sale of liquor. That means that those who think it dangerous for the Government to go into business must be persuaded that Government should go into the most dangerous business of all. Hard-headed people will not be shocked by the picture of Uncle Sam as a bartender; but hard-headed people are not going to be persuaded into launching the United States Government into that kind of Socialistic bureaucracy. If Government agents can be corrupted by prohibition, what will happen to Government dispensers of liquor?

Prohibition is yet an experiment; but it will not be fully tried until it ceases to be thought of as a measure of temperance and becomes, what it was intended to be, simply the abolition of the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor as a trade.

Disarmament Talk

RUSSIA made a grand oratorical gesture of disarmament at Geneva. To the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations the Soviet delegate Litvinov proposed dissolution of all land, sea, and air forces; destruction of all fortifications, weapons, munitions, and war industries; scrapping of all war-ships; abolition of military training, military appropriations, and military and naval ministries and staffs.

Spokesmen of the League answered softly that all the methods developed and work accomplished hitherto in the Disarmament Conferences could not be abandoned for another different program. Despite earlier threats to quit unless their principles were adopted, the Russians acquiesced and remained in the Conference. A few days later it adjourned, to meet again in March. That was all that came of the much-heralded Russian challenge.

"Why?" it seems worth while to ask. Assuming that Russia really would be glad to disarm if other nations did, and so relinquish the immense political power and patronage that the Red Army represents for the Soviet régime, why did the open demand for something that all the nations represented profess to want make so little stir? Obviously because no one expected that it could be accepted or thought that the Russians expected it to be accepted—in other words, because it was a flourish devoid of any relation to reality.

The world—and particularly Europe—is full of unsettled disputes. Soviet Russia, even after her withdrawal from the World War and consequent absence from the Peace Conference of Paris, is involved in some of them—for instance, the dispute with Rumania over her annexation of Bessarabia and the dispute with Poland over territory that formerly formed part of northwestern Russia. Until there is some method of dealing with these disputes which does not call for reliance

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upon national power in the ultimate event, the nations will not lay down their arms.

To say, "Let's drop our guns and be friends," is so useless that no one even pays serious attention—except for purposes of propaganda. To say, "Let's agree on friendly ways of settling difficulties; then we can drop our guns," may perhaps hold out some hope. No one has heard Soviet Russia propose that. The differences between her and the rest of the world, however, are too profound for her to agree to submit her case to a "capitalistic" institution like the Court of International Justice at The Hague. But it is the only line of action that offers much chance of even limited practical results in disarmament.

New Fords for Old

OF all the components that went into the making of the old Ford car, the flivver of history, the greatest was imagination.

Other manufacturers had iron and steel and copper and wood and rubber and all the other material things that go to make a car; but no one else had quite the imagination, the same imagination, that Henry Ford had. It requires imagination now, more imagination than most of us have, for us to put ourselves back into the environment of the first Model T. Our imagination would be helped by looking over some of the advertising of those days. It had not been long since one customary place for the door to a car was at the rear; and by 1908, when the now abandoned Model T made its appearance, the driver's seat was still much like that of a horse-drawn carriage. Buggies were still for sale and advertised alongside of the new contraptions called automobiles. To own a horse and carriage in city or town was to belong to a privileged class. Roads were still primarily the highways for horse-drawn vehicles. Automobile accidents were rare because automobiles were few. In 1908 The Outlook reported as notable the occurrence on one day of five automobile accidents—two in Connecticut, one in Kentucky, and two in Germany. At the same time The Outlook proposed "a tentative scheme of law for the regulation of this new method of locomotion," and in that suggested a provision that the driver of an automobile, whether he be owner or chauffeur, should be required to take out a license. This was a radical suggestion. And yet at that time Henry Ford foresaw the automobile as an ordinary means of transportation of the common people. He built his car, as he then said, "for the great multitude."

It is as the car of the great multitude that the flivver has multiplied into millions. It has become the badge of the common people, and it has wrought a revolution in the democratizing of industry. It has helped to establish the high wage scale as a means for reducing cost of production. It has not only supplied transportation for the multitude, but by mass production, with its attendant increase in wages, has enabled the multitude to buy that transportation—and other products of industry. It has started industry on a beneficent circle. It has proved in a spectacular fashion that every producer is also a consumer, and has shown how every industry in a country like ours can help to create its own market. It has been a leader in the process of passing prosperity around.

And now comes the new Ford. It resembles the old only in price. Analyze it. Its four-wheel brakes, its selective gear transmission, and all of the other components of the new car have been listed—except one. Is there some industrial chemist that can isolate in it Henry Ford's imagination of what this new car will mean to the multitude in the coming years?

Intervention in Nicaragua

A BLOODY civil war in Nicaragua between Diaz, President, and Sacasa, claimant to the Presidency, dragged on for months in 1926 and 1927. General Moncada, the author of the article in this issue on "Nicaragua and American Intervention," commanded the revolutionary army. During the fighting American marines preserved neutral zones. What business had American marines there?

Bitter reproaches have been heaped upon the Government at Washington for its "occupation of Nicaragua." One critic says that the marines were used to uphold the "tottering régime" of the Conservative President Diaz against the Liberals, and that "Latin American hearts from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande beat in sympathy with any Latin who fights the Yankee invasion." Another critic declares that the use of American marines in Nicaragua has "aroused almost universal censure."

For fourteen years American marines had been stationed as a legation guard in the fortress overlooking the Nicaraguan capital. When a coalition Government, under Solorzano, Conservative, as President, and Sacasa, Liberal, as Vice-President, was established in 1925, the marines were withdrawn. Thereupon Manuel Chamorro, a former President, overthrew the Government and established himself as President. In accordance with an agreement which he himself had signed, the United States refused to recognize him; and, in accordance with the Nicaraguan Constitution, the Nicaraguan Congress elected Adolfo Diaz President. Against Diaz (who was recognized by Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the Central American Republics of Labrador, Guatemala, and Honduras) Sacasa, the Vice-President, who had fled the country, started a revolt. In command of his forces, the army of the Liberals, was José Maria Moncada.

President Diaz was unable to protect foreigners. He told the United States so; and other countries, notably Great Britain, asked the United States to protect their citizens. Our marines were therefore landed. Mr. Henry L. Stimson, sent by President Coolidge, to investigate conditions, found the country practically in a state of anarchy. He conferred with both sides. General Moncada had captured towns on the Atlantic coast and had led his army through the mountainous country of the interior toward the capital, but in May of this year he yielded his chance for victory.

Both sides voluntarily disarmed and agreed to abide by the election to be held next year under the supervision of the United States.

Since then General Moncada has visited the United States; and on the eve of his return to his own country has responded to the request of The Outlook for his views of what the United States had done to him, to his army, his party, and his country. He, of all men, should know whether the policy of the United States has been oppressive or not. His answer to our request is, we believe, a document of significance in the history of the relations between the United States and Latin America.

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Nicaragua and American Intervention

By J. M. MONCADA

Leader of the Liberal Army

SINCE coming to the United States I have been many times asked to explain what is our point of view in Nicaragua toward the presence of your American marines. In most cases the question has been accompanied by others concerning the general situation in Nicaragua both before and since my meeting with General Stimson.

Generally, I am asked, are we Liberals in Nicaragua in favor of having the United States supervise the election of 1928? Specifically, I am asked if at the time of my conference with Colonel Stimson, when the civil war was at its height, if I had won, could I have brought peace and prosperity to Nicaragua without the help of the United States? Could any Nicaraguan?

To answer such questions fully requires a brief review of the entire Nicaraguan situation.

Let me say this, as a preliminary:

We Liberals want the United States marines in Nicaragua. We believe that the marine officers such as now command our constabulary can best supervise the free elections necessary to put a representative Government in office. Further, we believe that the United States owes it to Nicaragua to keep her marines there until such elections have taken place. It is her duty and obligation.

NAPOLEON III used to say that Nicaragua occupies a position similar to that of Constantinople. Though poor in the number of its inhabitants—800,000—Nicaragua is rich in natural resources, in the variety of its soils and climates, and its splendid position. Both the Atlantic and the Pacific wash its shores. The facilities it offers for a canal route through its territory have been well known since the time of the Conquest.

For these reasons Nicaragua has always been coveted by certain powerful nations, and the United States has stood guard against the colonizing aspirations of the Old World, making clear its specific guardianship, first, in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—signed in 1850 by England and the United States—wherein are defined the obligations of each contracting party with respect to the Nicaragua Canal or any other canal which might be opened through the isthmus of Central America; and, second, in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which broadened the rights of the North American Republic, clearing her way toward the construction of the Canal and the guardianship of the Caribbean. By building the Panama Canal the United States averted the danger of having one of Europe's feet planted on the New World.

EVENTS leading up to the present intervention in Nicaragua are not perhaps known to Americans generally. On page ***459*** *we recount those events briefly and state the criticising of our Government which they occasioned. General Moncada, the author of this article, is, by virtue of his long experience as a Nicaraguan patriot—having fought against Liberal as well as Conservative tyranny—in a position to know the facts.*

For Nicaraguans two questions present themselves: Is it to the best interests of Central America that the United States or one of the powerful nations of Europe shall contribute to its development and progress? Is it to the best interests of Central Americans to receive a monarchical education, as they did when Spain ruled them as colonies, or a republican education, such as the United States can give them?

The answer is obvious. Liberty flowers in republican soil. The Monroe Doctrine guarantees the existence of American nations, whether English-speaking or Spanish-speaking.

Some would maintain that Cuba, for example, is not a truly independent republic, because of the influence exercised by the United States. But did Cuba elect its Chief Executive under Spain? Did she elect her Congress or have her own Supreme Court? And as to Nicaragua, we should never have recovered from England the Mosquito Coast, so precious to our sovereignty, without the aid of the United States.

Geographical causes, reinforced by duties and rights that cannot be repudiated, have made the United States and its sister republics in the south a single body. In the near future these nations of the New World will be governed by an international law distinct from that which operates between Europe and America—or, better still, a different law from the old one, which modern science, in disregard of frontiers, is rendering obsolete.

NICARAGUA can progress only through labor, industry, and commerce, through education, roads, and railroads. She must link her two coasts and draw nearer to the Atlantic, to the civilizations of Europe and the United States. She must live in peace and learn to govern herself under republican institutions. Continuous strife impoverishes her, dishonors her.

It would be indeed worthy of the world's praise if Nicaragua could do all that unaided; but she is more than a hundred years old as an independent nation, and a true republic is yet to flower on her soil. Whether Conservatives or Liberals have been in power, there have been no fair or free elections for one hundred years, except during the period of Carazo and Dionisio de Herrera, which are memorable to all Nicaraguans. The party in power always has perpetuated itself. A terrible state of anarchy reigned from 1821, the year of independence, to 1857. From 1857 to 1893 there was a measure of peace. But in 1893, when the Government fell into the hands of José Santos Zelaya, there was again continuous guerrilla warfare. In fact, during his tyrannical régime of seventeen years the Chamorro family warred on him continuously. And when Zelaya was forced out of Managua by the celebrated Knox note, the victors fought among themselves for the spoils, and a still bloodier civil war ensued.

Then American marines landed in Nicaragua to guarantee foreign interests. The marines maintained peace without interfering with the internal politics of the country. But meanwhile, as the Government in office habitually controls the result of elections unless a revolution intervenes, the existing Conservative

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Government was continued in power. There was no genuine progress possible toward a really republican government. For this reason commissions of the Liberal Party went to Washington to enlist the moral support of the United States in favor of electoral liberty for Nicaragua. As a result, the Dodds Law came into being and served us during the elections of Solorzano and Sacasa. In general, this law was and is good; but the best law in the world is futile when those intrusted with its enforcement are the first to violate it.

To President Martinez, President Diego Manuel Chamorro's immediate successor, the Department of State proposed the supervision of the election by American marines. This was excellent. Upon the inauguration of the President, however, elected in 1924, the marines were withdrawn. Solorzano, the new President, was a weak man devoid of ability and at bottom a Conservative. He distrusted Liberalism, and therefore kept war materials away from the Liberals. Such war materials, however, being in the hands of the followers of Emiliano Chamorro, who in 1925 was plotting to overthrow the administration of President Solorzano, Chamorro was able to use violence and enter the fortress of Tiscapa. There followed the persecution of Vice-President Sacasa, violence at Leon, export of cattle to Guatemala, Salvador, and Costa Rica—the cattle having been taken as a tax from the *haciendas* of liberals. All these things were done under the responsibility of Chamorro and of Lieutenant Humberto Pasos Diaz, nephew of the present President. Finally, President Solorzano was forced to resign. Chamorro assumed power and the duly elected judges were driven from the Supreme Court, and thus the judicial power as well as legislative and executive power was destroyed, and the bloody road was opened once more to civil war.

Civil war did result. During that painful period all forces, even natural forces, seemed arrayed against Nicaraguan liberalism.

We fell and we rose on the march through the wild hills, clutching at trees and bushes to keep our footing, thrown down precipices into infected marshes, into rivers, with our horses and equipment. We arrived at Teustepe, and then at Tipitapa. Here we found the personal representative of President Coolidge, General Stimson, bearing peace proposals, asking for a cessation of the war.

His words were simple, but solemn and decisive:

In the name of the United States I exhort you that this war may cease and not another drop of blood be spilt in Nicaragua; on its part, the Washington Government accepts President

General Moncada

Diaz's proposal for the supervision of the election of the chief authorities in 1928, which shall be free and fair, so that all Nicaraguan citizens may express their will at the polls. My Government considers that the very honor of the United States is involved in this. In recognizing Diaz my Government has acted in good faith, under a sincere interpretation of the laws of Nicaragua, and wishes the present Chief Executive to continue in the discharge of his functions while the electoral law is reformed and a true non-partisan national guard is created. With that guard and the marines a free and just election will be carried out."

The meaning of these words stirred me profoundly. I answered:

I am here as a simple soldier, and it is my duty to consult with the other chiefs of the army and with the delegates of Dr. Sacasa, who are also in Tipitapa. I ask of you a period of eight days to give an answer. During that time I will return to the army to do what I can to convince it, or to return to war if its opinion should be contrary to mine.

In these conversations the delegates of Dr. Sacasa and MM. Arguello Espinosa and Cordero Reyes intervened. They protested, saying immediately that they had left to myself and the army the whole responsibility of the problem. I accepted it.

I held in the highest esteem this valiant and self-sacrificing army, always generous and well disciplined although lacking wages and food. I meditated profoundly; and when I spoke at Boaco to the assembled generals and to the army itself, which formed in the plaza, I did what was possible to convince them that it was necessary to yield, to have confidence in the word of the personal representative of President Coolidge, which was equivalent to the word of the American Government itself and would be backed by the American people as something pertaining to the National honor. I also told them that, in spite of this sincere opinion, I was ready to accompany them if the majority should resolve to resist. They all approved of my position. With the signatures of all the generals, the resolution was transmitted to General Stimson, who saluted the army when it disarmed at Tipitapa and wrote the promise that every one knows in the United States.

I HAVE been asked since if at the time of my conference with General Stimson could I, if I had won, have brought peace and prosperity to Nicaragua without the help of the United States?

Could any Nicaraguan?

Actually, it is not possible for me to answer that question. Having been victorious in the field of battle—and I think I had already defeated the forces of President Diaz—it would have been my duty as a loyal soldier to place the army at the disposal of the citizen recognized by us Liberals as the legitimate President. It would be his duty to take over the task of restoring constitutional order, the other laws of the land, and of establishing the peace.

I am perfectly convinced, however, that Sacasa or any other statesman will always need the help of the United States to establish a good Government. When General Stimson told me at Tipitapa that the President of the United States was willing to assist in the supervision of our election in 1928, I felt, and still feel, that this would open to Nicaragua the only way by which such good Government and a lasting peace could be established. I told General Stimson frankly that peace had so far only been attained through tyranny in Nicaragua. Tyranny brings with it no good and depraves the public conscience. To gain power over the dead bodies of our fellow-

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citizens is only worthy of men who are superfluous in modern civilization.

Certainly, Nicaraguan Liberals everywhere have approved unanimously the arrangements of Tipitapa and are grateful for the efforts of General Stimson toward peace. At first there was surprise and hesitation; but sober thought brought faith in the promises of the personal representative of President Coolidge, considering that they involve the honor of the whole Nation founded by George Washington.

We prefer officers of the American Navy to supervise the Nicarguan elections, because they are educated in the tenets of honor and probity. They are more representative of their country than civilians would be. Through more than a year's contact with them I have found them to yield to none in discipline and respect for public liberties and in the discharge of their duty.

By the present law, called the Dodds Law, there are five hundred and thirty electoral polling-places, of which more than half are in the rural districts, where their supervision is difficult.

The worth of the election in Nicaragua depends now on the manner in which the arrangements of Tipitapa are carried out. If they are carried out honestly, as I believe they will be, due to President Coolidge's word, the elections will be made with entire equity.

In general, Nicaragua stands in need of republican education. This end can be achieved in a period of twelve or more years under the supervision of the American Government. The passing of every four-year period will see this need diminished, for the National Guard will be organized under the direction of American officers and trained to respect the law and the national institutions; the National Congress will be composed of better men, because they will have been freely elected by the people; the judicial power will be composed of honorable magistrates, austere and patriotic in their actions. We want the independence and sovereignty of our country, and the more we want it, the better government we will build, granted we may live under the ægis of peace and labor. The watchful eye of the United States can be no better employed than in this noble cause. The very Monroe Doctrine compels the United States in that direction, for that Doctrine postulates for the New World the fullest realization of republicanism and democracy. Because we have had no peace, because our national income diminishes or is used up by war, and the fields lie uncultivated, our great duty is to do away with war. Any sacrifice is small to achieve this objective.

The voice of peace that sounded in our ears was so tremendous that it was impossible not to yield. It is to the good

General Stimson

and the just that I believe the Washington Government this time, in the case of Nicaragua, is laboring. It was unjust, no doubt, to stop us on the road to victory; but peace is as great as victory, and liberty is as great as peace.

Our country needs a profound peace. If bad government continues to prevail in Nicaragua, if Liberals and Conservatives persist in warring for power, obeying personal ambitions, no nation will be found to extend a friendly hand to us or to treat with us.

Capital is a great necessity in Nicaragua for the development of the country's progress. We have neither railroads nor highways. We are out of communication with the civilized world. The construction of the railway to the Atlantic coast is very urgent, to bring us nearer to the United States and to Europe. We need more American capital, and it is our first duty to seek it here, for we are obliged to do it by the close relationship that binds together the countries of America for their mutual defense.

The interest of the United States in the affairs of the Caribbean Sea is a vital interest. If it renounce the vigilance of that sea and its bordering countries, it places its very life in jeopardy, or at least exposes itself to terrible responsibilities and wars. This interest of the United States is equally beneficial to our countries, for they are thus defended from all aggression of Powers foreign to the continent. In this all the countries of America share a common interest and a common destiny.

OPINION, I am told, is divided in the United States as to the policy that has been followed by the Department of State. We Nicaraguans think that we have acquired an explicit right, and that the United States has bound itself to an explicit duty. We Liberals fought to place our country once more under the full authority of the Constitution. In exchange for peace and free elections, we Constitutionalists agreed to disarm, and we who signed the agreement have lived up to our duty. If a few armed bands remain active in the north of Nicaragua, that is a natural consequence of our civil wars. After these promises, it must be established in full justice that if the Monroe Doctrine is to be abrogated, that must not be done before the United States has discharged its duty as to the 1928 elections in Nicaragua, which should be rendered impartial by its influence. Let every Nicaraguan citizen, without distinction of color or political creed, vote freely, and let power pass into the hands of the representatives of a true national majority. When it comes, that day will witness the birth of true democracy in Nicaragua, the first day of genuine republican life—an occasion of rejoicing for all sincere patriots.

Those that accuse the State Department of supporting President Diaz in obedience to the pressure of bankers and for mean reasons of internal and foreign policies fail in logic when they attack the agreements of Tipitapa and the supervision of the next election by the marines. They know that, upon the premature withdrawal of the marines, power would remain with Diaz or Chamorro, and Constitutionalists would lose all hope of liberty and democracy. This would be a tremendous injustice.

There is talk to the effect that a move will be made at the next Pan-American Congress against interference by the United States in the affairs of Nicaragua and other Caribbean countries. If it is accepted by the Washington Government, we Nicaraguans will demand that it be put into effect after January, 1929 —that is, after North American mediation has effected an entirely fair election in Nicaragua. I may add that my opinion on the Monroe Doctrine and the

(*Continued on page 477*)

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The Disappearing Cowboy

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE first frosty morning of the fall I loitered by the stove in a crossroads service station in the New Mexico highlands which, for the convenience of tourists and neighboring ranchers, also was attempting to function as quick-lunch counter, soft-drink stand, staple-groceries market, and elementary dry-goods emporium. Outside a burly Mexican mechanic tinkered gingerly with some spark-plug trouble. Inside a flamboyantly Nordic youth of eighteen summers moved with leisurely importance about his duties as head waiter, hot dog chef, lingerie connoisseur, and proprietor's deputy.

With his corn-colored hair, brick-red sunburn, and spread-eagle freckles crowning a flannel shirt of gorgeous plaid and a flapping waistcoat drab from harsh service, he might appropriately have stepped out of a Frederick Remington canvas intoning,

Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ree.

His smallish blue eyes had the far-away fixation of the ranges, his expression was so set in the cow country's severe whimsicality that one instinctively awaited from him some outburst of humorous philosophy. His drawl, when he took my order for coffee, was the perfection of hesitant, country-bred politeness. His khaki pants and store Oxfords were slight anachronisms, but an impressive Stetson hanging from a nail on the refrigerator made partial atonement.

So as a few acquaintances of his own age in equally impressive Stetsons dropped in on various errands it was quite in the picture that he should greet each one with—

"Howdy, cowboy. What'll you have?"

Then almost instantly the film clicked and the actors stepped out of character. Instead of spurs and riatas, the young gentlemen would have "cokes," chocolate milk-shakes, store cigarettes, phonograph records, a spare Ford part or two, or breakfast foods and bakery pies for mother's ranch pantry. One would have nothing at all, but abstracted from the magazine rack a fly-specked copy of "True Confessions" and pored over it with a cow country imitation of a scholar's stoop. Another whistled dolefully, but the tune was about a "red-red-robin" instead of a "lone prair-ree."

They fell into gossip as the store reverted to its social functions; but not the gossip of cow prices, round-up vicissitudes, or the meanness of their respective broncs. They deplored the unreasonable credit requirements in the region's second-hand Ford markets. They discussed dating arrangements for a coming dance at the county woman's club. They debated how long the crabbedness of the new commercial course teacher in the county seat high school, twelve miles away, should be endured.

They broke up at last—one to climb into his bakery truck and continue his deliveries, five to drive off home in motor coupés and on motorcycles, and one to mount his cayuse.

"So long, cowboy," said the proprietor's corn-haired deputy seven times.

Later, when I had paid the mechanic for his experiments and was releasing the brake, the corn-haired boy signaled me from the doorway.

"Say, mister," he questioned, "you from El Paso?"

I did not deny it.

" 'Cause if you are, do you know of any store jobs a feller could git down there? I've had lots-a experience."

I advised him somewhat vaguely to write to the Chamber of Commerce.

"Thanks, cowboy," he grinned, expansively. "So long!"

Half the day I motored over range country sweet with drying grass and frosty odors, but sadly cowless. In mid-afternoon I encountered a veteran ranch friend mending a fence at a far corner of his 50,000 acres, and told him of my morning's entertainment.

"Yep," he commented, sententiously. "The word cowboy around here is getting pretty close to a figure of speech."

THIS accurately describes the situation for three reasons:

Few, if any, cowboys are doing their work under the social conditions which made the old-time cowboy a figure of piquant, often picaresque, individuality.

Fewer still are doing their work by old-fashioned methods which gave the color of daring and romance to the traditions of the job and to many of its most routine operations.

Finally, comparatively few young men of the old cattleman stock in the West are content to do cowboy's work at all.

The old-time cowboy, for instance, plunged off, usually as a well-grown adolescent or a mature man, into a wilderness that was also a man's world. Or, if he happened to be born a rancher's son fifty years ago, he grew up in such a world, shut away from all other sophistications and traditions, often barely literate.

Three or four, at most half a dozen, times a year he saw some straggling cow country trading post with its general store, post office, and three saloons. Once a year, at the end of the trail drives, he saw this magnificence magnified a hundred times in some shipping point of gaudy delights like Abilene, Kansas, or pre-Rotarian Fort Worth.

For women he saw the rancher's overworked wife, if the rancher had a wife; more rarely, the rancher's grown-up daughters or visiting feminine relatives; perhaps a district school-teacher or two; and such women as there might be in one or two respectable cow town families. More casually and to less subjective result he saw occasionally the floating hetæræ of cow village night life.

For other contacts the ranch house or a "queer" buddie in the bunk-house might have a book or two, but the true cowboy probably did not read them. Perhaps a stray copy of a city newspaper came into his hands occasionally, but when it did his running knowledge of events was so slight that he could hardly understand what its news was all about. At most he followed with some regularity some distant county weekly serving as best it could the parochial curiosity of a district several hundred miles square.

It was an aloofness tempered with sociability, for both in the bunk-house and at work the cowboy had plenty of companionship with his own kind, and there was more going and coming between ranches than seems possible in an age when paved roads and faultless carbureters are necessary to rural travel. But it was an aloofness, nevertheless, which almost perfectly shielded the cowboy from the standardizing pressure of the mannerisms, the diversions, and the traditions of other social groups.

Men of intelligence and character so isolated inevitably developed a highly individual introspective philosophy, distinctive codes of morals and group loyalties, "quaint" tricks of speech, mannerisms, sports, and even folk-lore and folk

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poetry. Since it took a rarely alert practical intelligence and not a little character to handle wild cattle, the cowboy did develop all these things—not precisely in the manner celebrated by the New Jersey schools of Western romantic fiction, but essentially in the manner chronicled by Will James. As an exotic of American group individualism the cowboy has scarcely been exaggerated. It is simply that as a two-gun swashbuckler and a self-conscious knight errant of virtuously virile adventures he has been misdescribed.

But, whatever his glamour as a social eccentric, it was a nineteenth-century phenomenon, and is fast passing now. The ranch boy today grows up in an environment where there is no abnormal disproportion of sexes, where towns are easily reached and are more like Mount Vernon, Ohio, and Danbury, Connecticut, than like ancient Atascosa or Abilene. The ranch house has, at its worst, a few books of trashy fiction and receives a fairly good small-city daily usually within twenty-four hours of publication. The crossroads store has the more popular and snappier periodicals on its rack, and the ranch boy himself often takes subscriptions for one of them.

As he grows up, he attends a rural or a village school with a fairly standardized curriculum, usually including some of the same supervised sports which other youngsters of his age are playing in their school gymnasiums on Manhattan Island. Later he and half a dozen of his contemporaries in the neighborhood pool their summer's earnings, or their parents' generosity, in the purchase of a used Ford, in which they travel daily for a year or two, or possibly for four years, to the county high school. Or perhaps the ranch boy gets a part-time job in town and lives there during school terms with his Uncle Henry, who practices law or works in an office.

In either case, however much or little his high school course does for his mind, the youngster has spent several years steeping himself in town sociabilities and sophistications. He plays football or basket-ball, dabbles in high school journalism, goes to dances, takes town girls to the movies or to church or to roadside petting parties. He bets his quarters, not on round-up performances, but on how Western Conference or even Yale-Princeton games will come out. He has a line of small-town wise-cracks, partly derived from the snappy magazines and the funny papers, but remarkably like big-city wise-cracks. He dances, not the buck and wing, but the black bottom, and as likely as not is learning to play contract bridge.

He may call his mates, and even strangers, "cowboy," for at present this is a rather swanky bit of regional slang. But he is nearer in the spirit to Broadway than his cowboy father or grandfather was in the flesh to Atascosa. He may go back to the ranch and the cow business, but every Saturday night he will motor into town for "movies" or other urban social diversions, and he will no more be a cowboy, old style, than he will be a priest of Osiris.

As a matter of fact, he could not be if he tried. His boss would not let him. For the technique of handling cattle has changed since 1890 almost as much as the social environment of the ranges.

Part of this is an old story. The fenced ranch had quite displaced the open ranch thirty years ago, and by so much the old specialist in cow-wrestling has submitted to the indignity of becoming a fence-mender under orders. With the coming of the fences the round-up lost its most thrilling complexities.

Once it was preceded by an immense drive which gathered in cattle by tens of thousands over perhaps a 200-mile sweep of territory. At the end came the grueling and complicated business of separating from one another—"cutting out"—the herds of perhaps twoscore different ranchers. Now the round-up is simply a drive between a single ranchman's fences, which rarely includes a sweep of twenty miles.

Yet this is only the beginning of decadence. When the modernist round-up reaches the branding stage, all of its traditional acrobatics—the roping, throwing, and dragging of calves to the branding pits—are missing. The calves and their mothers are simply shunted tactfully from the herd into a large outer corral, and there gradually but still more diplomatically the calves are separated from the cows and urged into an inner pen, where the branding irons are warming. Two or three stalwarts on foot throw them as tenderly as possible, the branding is done, and the dehorning and sterilizing operations are carried out by a foreman who has learned his business from a veterinary.

Twenty-five years ago the more progressive ranchers discovered that it did not pay to break a calf's bones with violent rope work, to tear him half to pieces dragging him at the end of a lasso through thorny mesquite and cactus, or to make him a weakling for life through botching two or three simple minor operations. With the rise of these progressive ranchers, the cowboy famous for his roping, steer-throwing, and bulldogging feats disappears from the range landscapes—into the professional rodeos.

More and more the man who takes his place becomes a mere farm-hand. He not only mends fences, but he spends many days of his working year straightening out stream courses, building dams and reservoirs. As the gentled, fence-confined herds require less attention, his boss insists that, if he will eat vegetables, he must keep a garden. Worst indignity of all, the ranch and the "cowboys'" table must have milk, so the farm-hand becomes, in chore hours, the milker and drover of dairy herds.

On many a ranch today the old-time cowboy's proud professional stand that he was there to handle beef cattle in the traditional way and to touch no other work under God's footstool would be as ill received as an I. W. W. demonstration.

WHAT kind of men, then, are staying on the ranches to become farm-hands? Not, to any appreciable degree, the sons of the old American cowboy and cowboy-rancher stock. Up on the remote ranges of Wyoming, Montana, and eastern Oregon, where town life is hardest to get at and old range methods and traditions die hardest, the glamour of the cow business as a kind of wage-paying sporting life still holds a few in their aloofness. Elsewhere the cowboy's son or the rancher's son who has seen a few years of high school or even a few movies is usually done with cattle-tending.

Curiously enough, the vocation which he might have inherited goes back where it came from. The Mexican *vaquero* is so good a cowman that he taught the American nearly all that he ever knew about his profession even in his great days. Nowadays he will work for $60 a month and found, without grumbling about the food, about doing work that is beneath the Nordic cowboy's professional dignity, or about the boss's outlandish ideas of coddling cattle. The town has not yet seduced his sociabilities. Already in south and west Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California he occupies four-fifths of the bunk-house, and even in Montana there are few cow counties where he is a stranger.

Look for more of him next season, and for fewer cowboys of the old pattern except as to clothes.

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Lights Down

A Review of the New York Theatre

"The Ivory Door"

THERE are two ways of looking at A. A. Milne's latest play. You may view it merely as a fanciful dramatic play of the mediæval Court of King Perivale. Or you may consider it as moving a piece of poetic truth and beauty as you are likely to see —cast in the form of the fairy tale of "The Ivory Door."

A fairy tale, you scoff?

Well, in the sense that Shaw's "Joan of Arc" is a fairy tale during that unforgetable moment when Joan tells what prison will mean to her. "Never to hear the wind in the trees"—

Milne's play is a fairy tale in the sense that any play is, where poetry and fancy weave a tapestry whose final pattern is truth. It is, let us say, a Gobelin which might equally grace a mediæval castle wall or a new Long Island country house. It tells the story equally of today or yesterday and moves the spectator to view all humanity as one man. It is one of those plays wherein the characters do not make the drama. It is Legend which plays the villain. And Fear who is the Lady Macbeth. For in King Perivale's Court it seems there is an Ivory Door behind which lurk devils and spells and the specter of certain death. Whosoever goes through this door to discover the truth of the passage behind it is never seen again. King Stephen went —and never was seen more. It is a door best left locked. Everybody says so. It is fact—that is undeniable; it is legend.

And yet youth is never satisfied. On the day of his marriage to the Princess Lilia young King Perivale braves all—including his faithful servant and his Chancellor—and penetrates the secret. He finds merely a long dusty passageway, leading to the real world outside. The whole thing has been simply an old wives' tale, to frighten silly people.

Returning to his castle courtyard, a trifle dusty and disheveled, and dressed in common clothes, Perivale nevertheless is a little taken aback to have his claim to his own identity roundly hooted. Why, the King is asleep in his bedchamber! There are but two ways the King could have gone forth—this castle gate (and he has not passed this way!) or the Ivory Door, through which man has ever passed and returned.

w can he be the King?

To be brief about it, Perivale's proofs and claims are ridiculed and he is on the point of being put in a dungeon as an impertinent fellow when the discovery of the King's disappearance sets the castle in an uproar, and, most curiously enough, increases the uncertainty of his own position a thousandfold. For, since the King has disappeared and he claims to be the King, he is considered to be in the pay of the devil behind the Ivory Door. He is not the King. Instead, he has killed the King and returned to impersonate him. So his very resemblance damns him.

Danger presses very fast then. His Chancellor fears to believe he is really the King. He is unable to prove himself the greatest swordsman and painter, or measure up in reality to any of the qualities which legend has always attributed to a king—and once the final test is devised for him, he knows he is lost.

According to popular legend, the Prince and the Princess have always been secret lovers before the royal marriages are announced. The reality is, of course, that he has never seen the Princess he is to marry. State marriages in Perivale's Kingdom are always arranged thus.

But the populace will not listen to this. No. For Princess Lilia is about to arrive. Since she has been his sweetheart for many months, she will know whether or not he is really the King. If he is not, he shall be put to death.

With the arrival of Princess Lilia at this point, there enters as flawless and poignant a bit of drama as we have seen this season. It makes no difference now that Mr. Milne is pointing an ancient truth with the utmost poetic skill and ability. Yes, you admit hurriedly, it is true that the Ivory Door leads to reality, and the truth of yourself, and there is no chocolate cake at the end of the rainbow; and when a man comes to himself often even his best friends think the devil has changed him; and it could not be otherwise. For if truth is found in defiance of legend, the very finding necessarily proves the crowd is made up of fools, and no one likes that—"I denied you, your Majesty," cries poor old Brand, his servant, "because they would have only tied me up there with you"—

Ah, yes—

But what will Princess Lilia say, and will she ever return from the Ivory Door herself? And will they believe *she* also has not been changed by the devil?

Well, the night that Peter denied his Master, and the day Judas sold him, and the words, "And the truth shall set you free"— You will think of all these things in Perivale's ridiculous, tinsel, theatrically lighted castle in Charles Hopkins Theatre. For to our mind only its audiences, not its critics, have sensed the value of this play.

We make abject apology for not getting to see it before. And we believe any one who calls it muddled is himself the All Muddlest. As for the moment when the Princess returns, after two hours spent in the passageway finding out if Perivale speaks truth or lies—this moment when she returns to save him and the crowd cries, "Ah, but how do we know *she* is the same Princess who went through the Ivory Door? Is not *she* the agent of the devil?"

Well, yes, we like it.

Our Own Theatre List

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," The Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"Porgy," Republic.—A folk-play of South Carolina Negro life along the Charleston water-front.

"The Good Hope," Civic Repertory Theatre.—A slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—A tragedy of youth and small-town life in the South.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

"Funny Face," Alvin Theatre.—The Astaires dramatizing Gershwin's rhythms. Musical comedy at its best.

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On a Highly Desirable State

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

A MAN who has been studying the effects of prohibition in a hand-picked group of States in the West and Southwest tells me that the conclusion of his quest for reliable statistics is simply: "There are none."

He did report a few disquieting minor discoveries. Hip flasks were for sale in Kansas cigar stores. Forty thousand gallons of Jamaica ginger were shipped into Texas in 1924–5; the normal consumption is estimated at about three hundred gallons. (I am told that Coca Cola fortified with Jamaica ginger makes a drink with a powerful kick.) In Oklahoma he saw the can of malt with the familiar legend telling the customer what not to do—or fermentation will take place. But trustworthy studies on a scale that would show a relation between the Eighteenth Amendment and bank deposits, or crime, or public health, were not available.

"Well," I said, "suppose you had come back with a car-load of prime figures. What then? What have bank clearances to do with this issue?"

I was serious; but he seemed to sense flippancy and refused to argue.

THE drys know what I mean. It is the wets, it seems to me, who contribute most to the present confusion. They are skirmishing about with such arguments as that the legal sale of light wines and beer will quench the thirst for whisky. That is questionable; in fact, it is not true. Climate determines alcoholic content; races of the higher latitudes always have craved, probably always will crave, the more potent cup. The American, breathing the dry, stimulating air of his native land, is peculiarly prone to strong and excessive drinking.

They—the wets—say they do not want the saloon to come back. They needn't worry. But what, precisely, do they want? Government control of distribution? I see a million orators rising to smother that proposal. Subjects: Shall Old Glory Wave O'er the Demon Rum? Shall Uncle Sam Be a Dram Seller?

They talk of the disrespect for the law that is encouraged by unpopular and unenforceable legislation; of the invasion of individual rights, of graft, of the high-handed acts of enforcement officers, and of good citizens ruined by bad gin.

I don't mean to sneer at their arguments or their statistics; but when will they match the honest belief of the drys with an equally honest belief in the harmless, even beneficent properties of alcohol?

"I want the law modified," I should like to hear a wet spokesman say, "because there are times when I need a drink. Life isn't invariably a cheerful business. There are days when I like to look at it through the bottom of a glass. Do you mean to say that makes a sinner? Don't be silly! It makes a better man of me, more tolerant, more companionable."

Unless they do believe just that there is no real strength in their opposition. Their cause is a tree with many branches and no root. And unless they do speak their minds frankly what is one to conclude? Is prohibition a moral issue, after all? Are the wets themselves haunted by the thought that alcohol is in itself evil and the drinking man in danger of hell fire?

I shouldn't be surprised.

PROHIBITION appeals to the employer for reasons that are economic and obvious. It has derived animus from the anti-alien, Americanization movement. The drys will use figures, as they will use any club to beat the devil; but you can confound their figures and still find that you have a fight on your hands. There is one position from which they will not retreat.

So much is platitude; or should be to any American who was a boy, as I was, in an American village twenty-five years ago. Blue Ribbons and White Ribbons. "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." The signing of pledges. "Touch not, taste not." The Band of Hope. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The Loyal Temperance Legion. The Temperance Catechism. Temperance Rallies. The resolute faces of the women whose lives were long since dedicated to the defeat of the Demon Rum.

Can any American of my generation, or earlier, contemplate a cocktail without seeing the serpent in the glass? Can he adopt a hedonistic attitude toward any human activity?

Alcohol *was* evil. It "weakens the muscles, inflames the stomach, injures the nerves, retards the digestion, diseases the liver, affects the brain, exhausts the strength, and shortens life." Do you remember your catechism, reader of forty, or fifty, or sixty?

Tobacco was evil. I see the earnest ladies of the Loyal Temperance Legion using the blackboard to prove to us some of the solid benefits accruing to non-smokers. "If a man doesn't smoke three five-cent cigars a day, in twenty years he will save—let's see, children—$1,095."

Round dances were evil.

Cards were evil.

Billiards were evil.

The theatre was evil.

The list is capable of expansion. In brief, the world was evil. Little boys and girls who wanted to become good men and women must watch their steps. The good life was not so much lived, as denied.

A YOUNGER generation may snicker at those interdictions. The mature American will admit, I think, that they were imposed with such force, and at so many points, as to make an indelible impression. His moral instruction was not left to his Sunday-school teacher; it began at home, got into his public school readers and histories, colored his literature, and studded the speeches of his heroes. If my experience was typical, and I believe it was, his youthful thoughts, and those of his sister, were often fixed on a state known as moral perfection.

So when a man of my age or older tells me, with a highball in his hand, that prohibition is a good thing for the country, I am not so ready as some to cry, "Hypocrite!" Strictly speaking, the hypocrite sees clearly and dissembles to his advantage. The man I have in mind is certainly no dissembler; he is plainly and pathetically muddled.

But what can you expect? What is moral perfection, anyway? I don't know. I used to brood about it as a boy, because I knew it was a highly desirable state; but my imagination never went beyond catalepsy; or, at the best, a sleep-walking that enabled one to move through life not touching and not touched by it.

(*Continued on page 477*)

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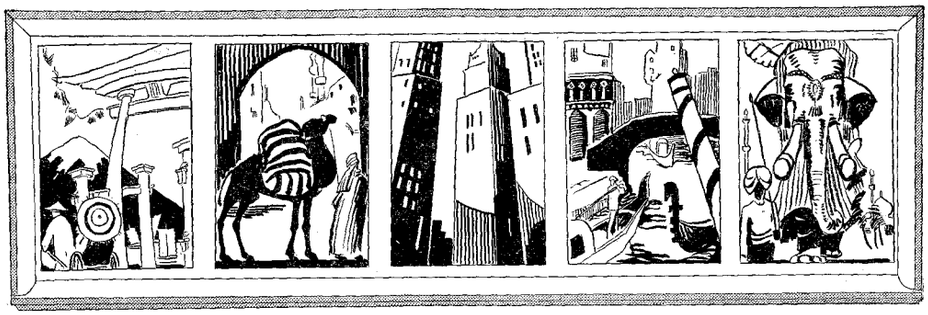

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

A QUARREL that threatens the peace of eastern Europe—and consequently of all Europe—is up before the Council of the League of Nations for settlement. Poland and Lithuania are to defend before this jury of their peers in Geneva their claims to the city of Vilna and the region around it.

However limited the powers of the League as an international organization, however it may represent the unreadiness of the nations to surrender the right to determine their own interests so far as they can, it still is the only continuous agency for dealing with such disputes as this before they become wars. And in this way it has done a great deal to check those small blazes that might grow —as the Austrian controversy with Serbia did in 1914—into Continental conflagrations.

So this conflict over Vilna will interest Americans aware of the concern of this country with the peace of Europe. Lithuania, it may be recalled, claimed Vilna as her capital. Poland wanted it, mainly as a junction on a strategic railway, and seven years ago the Polish General Zeligowski annexed it. Since then Lithuania and Poland have been technically at war. Lately there has been a confusion of charges and counter-charges of mobilization on both sides. These have issued in an agreement to take the case to the League. It will be a test both of the statesmanship and the authority of the body at Geneva which is the main bulwark of such tranquillity as Europe has.

EUROPE CAN PAY *America what she owes—so Roger Auboin calculates in the well-informed weekly "L'Europe Nouvelle"—and America can absorb the payments, great as is the balance due. The reason is that America's "invisible yments" to Europe—such as the tourist expenditures, immigrant remittances, and other items—are greater even than the amounts payable annually on European debts. The difficulty seems to be that the taxes by which Europe would have to pay these debts are often equally invisible—at least in the receipts of some European treasuries.*

SOVIET RUSSIA is making a significant economic drive both for American interest and for American technical aid in building up her industries. The Moscow Government has just placed with Percival Farquhar, of New York, a contract to build a large steel plant in southern Russia. This is in line with the Communist policy of developing industries as a means both of national independence and of strengthening the class of factory workers, the mainstay of Bolshevik power in Russia. To be sure, some of the financing seemingly remains to be completed, and I note reports that attempts are being made to secure capital in Germany, through banks that co-operate with certain powerful New York houses. But the project appears to be strongly backed. And at the same time the State Department has announced that it will not oppose long-term credits for purchases of American goods for Russia.

The Soviet Government, finding foreign gold not easy to get, is planning to mine more of its own. It has sent a commission of engineering experts to study American methods in California, Nevada, and other mining States.

Finally, it proposes to enlarge substantially its export of oil. Two American companies—the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, a Standard Oil subsidiary—dispose of a large part of the Russian oil output. They do so against the protest of the powerful Royal Dutch-Shell group of oil interests in Great Britain and Holland, which object to dealings with the Soviet Government. The Standard Oil Company of New York—which, oddly, is opposed also in this policy by its sister company, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—has concluded a new contract for the purchase of Russian petroleum products to supply its markets in the Near East.

LUIS MORONES *has quit his post as Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor in Mexico, and that means an end of Mexican opposition to the oil and mining property claims of United States citizens in Mexico, according to a "prominent Mexican" close to President Calles. This "prominent Mexican" arrived lately in San Antonio, where he said that Ambassador Morrow had convinced the Mexican Government of the necessity of changing entirely its policy towards the United States. If Morones is out of politics, it is highly significant news. As leader of the Mexican Labor Party, he was largely responsible both for putting Calles in office and for the Government's attitude on oil property rights.*

IRELAND is to get her first loan in the United States. The Free State Government has arranged with New York bankers to float a bond issue of $15,000,000, which the Americans secured in competition with London banking houses. This first external financing of the Irish Free State is part of a national development program which will call, in all, for about $75,000,000.

George Bernard Shaw recently uttered a characteristic warning against sending money to Ireland, on the ground that she is "an incorrigible beggar." But this is a case in which even he would probably coin no epigram of protest.

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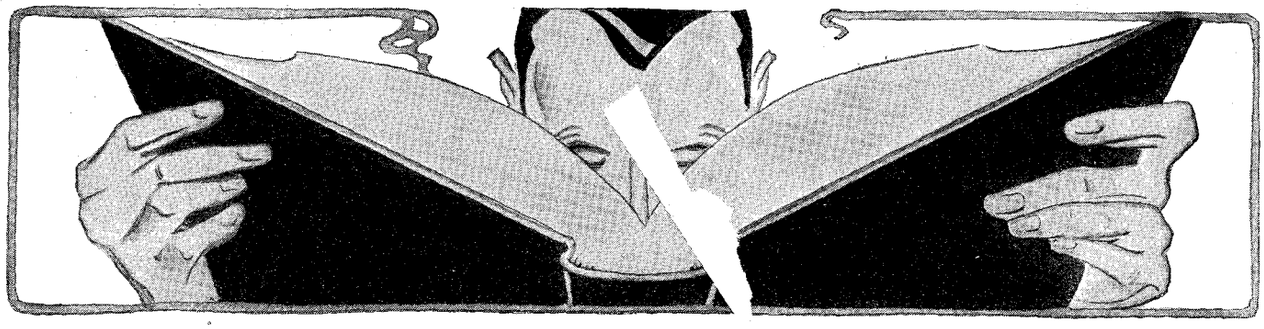

Two Statesmen on Reading

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT is always interesting to know what great men read. Sometimes the knowledge discloses a vein of common humanity that runs through great and small alike. I once surprised a distinguished, dignified, and highly intellectual professor of philosophy reading Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." He was so absorbed that I thought he must be perusing Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in the original tongue—which he was perfectly capable of doing. He looked a little guilty to be discovered in such companionship. But, instead of decreasing my respect for him, his light-hearted act raised him in my esteem. "He is a true philosopher," I thought, "for he recognizes Philosophy in whatever garb he finds her." For a moment I felt lifted out of my commonplace atmosphere into the empyrean of philosophic thought. For I had regarded "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—although I had never dared to say so before this incident—as a little masterpiece, probably to become a classic like Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" or Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." And now it had the cachet and I the confirmation of a philosopher. A book of philosophy it certainly is, not, however, of what could be called the Platonic school.

But I have strayed a long way from my title. I started out to report the views of two distinguished contemporary statesmen on books and reading, not my own unimportant opinions.

The London "Times" recently reported an address by the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, in which he disclosed some of the boyhood reading that had influenced his subsequent career. There were in his bill of fare Scott's novels and poems; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" the "Chronicles of Froissart;" Grimm's "Fairy Tales;" Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare;" Dickens, whom he "reverenced in some ways as the greatest genius England ever produced"—a bold statement for a Prime Minister who cannot want the Thackerayites to join the Laborites in their attacks; and, finally, Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." Mr. Baldwin believes that hearing the English Prayer-Book and the King James Bible Sunday after Sunday in his boyhood was in itself a liberal literary education. The Premier is not especially concerned about books for children. "I was left to myself to find my own provender in the library," he says. "If you do that with a child, he will always take the nourishment suitable to him."

Mr. Baldwin must have read Ruskin as well as Scott and Dickens, for Ruskin said more than sixty years ago—in "Sesame and Lilies," if my memory is reliable—that a young girl turned into a library will eschew the bad books as a fawn in a field eschews the noxious weeds. But that was in the era of the *jeune fille* and before the modern day when the young girl is supposed to see, hear, read, and know everything, and neither chews nor eschews in gulping down her literary diet, the nutritive calories of which she is inclined neither to measure nor consider.

Mr. Baldwin is, of course, a Britisher and a Tory. Now, according to that noble patriot Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, British Toryism is the greatest danger this country has to face. It must be perfectly evident to all 100 per cent Americans that the British Prime Minister put Mark Twain in his list of books as a mere bait to tempt them to read Dickens, whose "American Notes" are a burning scandal. This will make every true American distrustful of his literary advice in any respect. Let us turn from him, then, to another statesman, an American liberal, with whom we shall probably be safer.

At about the date that the London "Times" reported Prime Minister Baldwin's attitude towards books and reading, the New York "Times" printed an interview with Senator Borah during which he gave some account of authors that have influenced him. He is not to be inveigled by the current vogue of the "best-seller." "At the risk of being called an old fogy," he said, "I still follow Carlyle's example and each time a new book is published I read an old one." He enjoys novels, but, as "the majority of modern novels might be better classified as text-books of physiology and psychology," he turns for relief to Hawthorne, in spite of his "morbidity;" to Balzac, in spite of his "monarchistic ideas;" to Dickens, in spite of the fact that "he is given a little too much to caricature;" and to Thackeray, in spite of his being "a little too English to appeal to a Middle Westerner."

For poetry Senator Borah turns to Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, "whose works," he says, "I read and re-read so often that I can quote pages from them . . . ; so, you see, in some things I am not as radical as I am painted."

For imagination and humor Mr. Borah likes Swift, although he does not wholly approve of the cynicism of the author of the "Battle of the Books" and the "Tale of a Tub." But of all the authors he mentions Senator Borah evidently feels a greater sense of indebtedness to Emerson than to any other. In this admiration and gratitude his book-loving countrymen will join. Emerson's star is in the ascendant. The figure of the gentle, pungent, clear-thinking, truth-speaking sage of Concord is looming larger and larger as a man and artist on the stage of English litera

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Erskine Repeats the Dose

THE comic strip provides an accepted picture of mankind. Mr. and Mrs. and their fellows represent what men and women think of one another and how they act toward one another. Male and female, if you do not fit into this picture, you are suspect and strange. The man is always browbeaten; the woman is always restricting and clinging—the "ball and chain;" the other woman is always independent and wise. John Erskine has again selected the comic strip as a springboard from which to leap, with agility and grace, into an amusing and best-selling book.

In "Helen of Troy" the treatment, if not the theme, was fresh. In "Adam and Eve" the theme again appears, and by this time the treatment is rather too familiar to engage by its originality. The philosophical dialogue, a Greek form, is again used as a vehicle for clever and trite comment upon the everlasting relation between the sexes. The philosophy of this relationship which Erskine expounds is somewhat similar to that of Cabell in "The Cream of the Jest." Helen is Helen until she is possessed; every Eve is somebody's Lilith, etc. But Cabell speaks of poets; Erskine, of arrow-collar men. When "Helen of Troy" appeared, it was welcome. There was good medicine in the sugar-coated pill, useful for American women to swallow and digest. Now it seems as though there could be few left undoctored. The complaint is not against the value of the dose, but against its continued use.

In "Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better" Adam investigates Eden and makes the acquaintance of the animals. He finds Lilith, and learns about love. He finds Eve, and learns about marriage. That is all. The best of the book lies in the tender mirth which colors Erskine's picture of his hapless protagonist. But this is mostly lost under the mass of his clever comment on the ladies. In the first chapter is a paragraph which makes a promise for the book which, in this reviewer's opinion is not kept:

"I never question an old story myself, not when I like it, and least of all when it recurs daily under my eyes. Adam is not yet at peace. He can reconcile himself neither to be lonely, like a god, nor to be completely mated. On the whole, he favors the angels but prefers to be a little lower. His naming of the animals, what is it but a parable of the scientist in him? He knows the name of a thing at sight. Later he tries to find out what it is."

After those wise and moving words, come a few chapters, the pleasantest of the book, which tell with delicate wit of Adam's experiences among the animals of Eden. Then comes his meeting with Lilith and their life in Paradise together—the first companionate marriage. After that Eve; clothes, separate bedrooms, regular hours for meals, finally the baby.

Praise be, Adam gets some comfort out of the baby. Nobody contradicts him when he says, contemplating his son:

"Eve, I hope you don't mind my saying it so often, but I'm glad it wasn't a girl. After all, this is a man's world."

What They Are Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. Because we believe that Outlook readers want to keep informed about contemporary literature, we have arranged to have eight book-shops wire us each week the names of the ten best-selling volumes, which follow. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

A clannish family in a fresh setting of Canadian forest survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several of its members. There is excellent caricature

GILMAN OF REDFORD

A Love Story of the Revolution
by
WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

"A human narrative properly tinged with the atmosphere of the age he portrays... Recommended as telling a vital story in a manner that is usually interesting and sometimes absorbing."
—*New York Times*

"Every page is enshrouded in the picturesque atmosphere of the day."
—*Boston Transcript*

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The Macmillan Co. New York

The
Rough Riders
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A novel of Roosevelt and the Spanish War that thrills old and young alike. More than a splendid story—an American classic.

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Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Hotel and Travel Bureau

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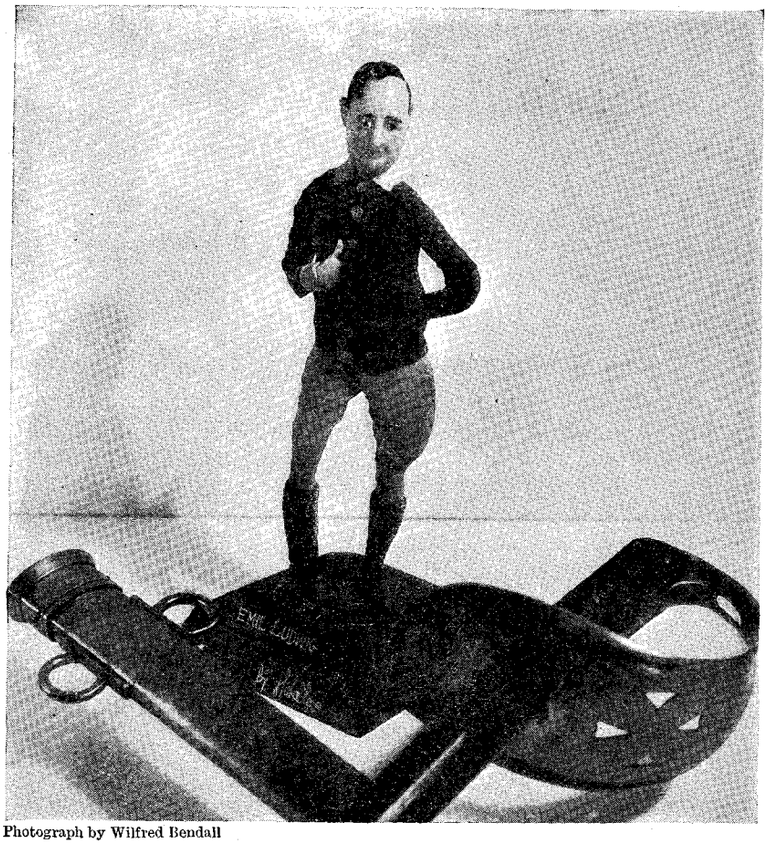

Photograph by Wilfred Bendall

EMIL LUDWIG, AUTHOR OF "BISMARCK"

A statuette by Luis Hidalgo

rather than character drawing. Reviewed in our issue of November 2.

ADAM AND EVE: THOUGH HE KNEW BETTER. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Reviewed in this issue.

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband. A well-machined story with humor and "wholesome" sentiment.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

The heroic romance of the great French missionary bishop to the Southwest, of his beloved friend and fellow-priest, and of the company of Indians, Spaniards, and Americans among whom they worked. The book is rich in beautiful descriptive writing, clear and full characterization, and is colored by a fine spiritual concept. Reviewed in our issue of October 26.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The overtaking of a hapless and lovely pair, children of a poet tried for murder, by the storm foreshadowed by their lurid heritage. The personages have the same reality and the appealing qualities which made "The Constant Nymph" so absorbing and moving a tale. Reviewed in our issue of November 23.

Non-Fiction

TRADER HORN. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed in our issue of November 16.

BISMARCK. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.

This grand biography of a great figure by a master craftsman should delight any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed in our issue of November 9.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

These verses, on the order of "When We Were Very Young," make delightful reading for the whole family. The illustrations, too, are charming.

WE. By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The young hero's story of his life. A direct, simple, and sometimes moving narrative. A splendid book for boys.

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A highly trained reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society. Reviewed in our issue of June 22.

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The Inevitable Leeway

THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL. 2 vols. Boni & Liveright.

The talents of the Englishwoman of breeding are often a source of surprise and envy to her American sisters. The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady and Mrs. Gasunkus of Newark may be sisters under their skins, but in outward and visible manifestation they are far from it. The cultured Englishwoman is a poised and gracious hostess, a conversationalist to an extent quite incredible to most Americans, a correspondent (in spite of what Jane Austen's smug Mr. Tileny says) of wit and fluency. She seems to have absorbed and *assimilated* background and education. More than this, she has a gift for public affairs. Women in public life in this country show a painful tendency to become hysterical or dictatorial. They have mislaid, perhaps deliberately, their most effective tool. The pressure of indirect influence in public life was still to be seen in operation in the much-mocked nineties. Now it is rare. But not in England.

An arch-type of Englishwoman, whose letters to her family over a period of years have just been published, was Gertrude Bell, of Arabia, with which the English reading world has Burton and Doughty and Lawrence, and now Gertrude Bell for points of contact. She was a gentlewoman of scholarly attainments in the fields of history and archæology, whose gusto for life swept her out into the dangerous whirlwind of Near Eastern politics. She who has been to some a name and a legend with the appearance of these letters becomes to many an astonishing actuality. The English are the world's travelers, and she was true to her blood. Travel was to her not an escape from business. It was business. Reporting her first meeting with Colonel Lawrence, whose Arabian adventures are everywhere known, she wrote, "He will make a traveler." But her own travels ended physically when her knowledge of Arab affairs and her sympathetic understanding of the Arab mind made her so useful a public servant that her national Government commandeered her services—willingly given—for the work of establishing some order out of Mesopotamian chaos. She became a king-maker in Irak.

However slight may be one's interest in the Near East, in archæology in Asia Minor, in Arab customs and character, in travels like Gertrude Bell's, her letters have qualities to interest all readers. She was not a stylistic writer. She was a reporter with a fluent and graphic pen, and her detailed accounts of her experiences are exciting and vivid. About a secret ceremonial preceding a raid upon an enemy tribe, she writes:

"At the top, on the edge of the castle moat, we found a group of Druses, men and boys, standing in a circle and singing a terrible song. . . . Over and over again they repeated a single phrase. Then half a dozen or so stepped into the circle, each shaking his club or his drawn sword in the face of those standing round. 'Are you a good man? Are you a true man? Are you valiant?' they shouted. 'Ha! Ha!' came the answer and the swords glistened in the moonlight."

The sense of reality she managed to put into her letters—managed without effort, because spontaneity is their most conspicuous literary quality—carries the reader along in her seven-league bootsteps to the climax of her romantic career.

Gertrude Bell had a scholar's equipment and mental detachment, but she could not maintain the scholar's aloofness from life. Her unabashed love of her fellow-men and her desire to serve them at any personal cost kept her in the midst of tumult, activity, dangerous political intrigue. Foregoing, perhaps from temperamental disinclinations, the most abiding consolations of a woman's life, she yet retained her magnificent femininity, and used her essentially feminine qualities at all times and for all causes. With her subtle gifts of understanding she fathomed the Arab mind; with her tact she conquered the suspicious Arab heart which distrusts the foreigner and despises women. With her energy and courage for living she inspired every one with whom she came in touch. Her genius was for friendship. It is not commonly permitted to be a woman's grace. As an index to character her letters are complete. Brave, romantic, and inspiring as are the tangible events of her life, it is in the richness of her intangible personality that she shines. One speculates with interest upon what a psychological biographer would make of her. This reviewer hopes he will leave her alone, to let her splendid letters speak for themselves.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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"A fictional parallel to Mark Sullivan's 'Our Times.' An interpretative chronicle of American life from the eighties to date."—*The New York Times.* **$2.50**

FACE VALUE
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The World has said that we must go back to Aubrey Beardsley for anything like the Vassos illustrations.
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The story of a girl who possesses that most dangerous and tantalizing of gifts. **$2.50**

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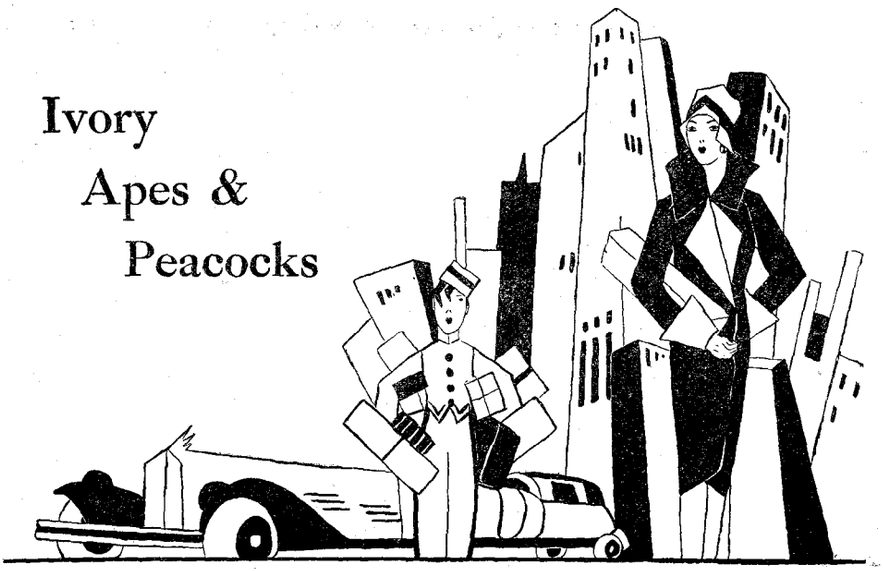

The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

IN talking last week about the various Christmas gifts and toys for children, we left out the water toys —boats, and so on. The most elaborate of these is the forty-inch electric cruiser, which is beautifully built, has electric lights, and is driven by batteries. There are several smaller electric speed and motor boats, and there is a clockwork submarine, in several sizes, which travels at a good rate of speed and submerges and rises to the surface in a most realistic manner. There is also a clockwork fire-boat, which will not only go to the fire under its own power, but will put it out with a stream of water thrown from a nozzle on top of the deck-house. The boats without engines include ocean liners, ferry-boats, war-ships, and destroyers, as well as sailboats in several sizes. These are all made to scale, and are correct and complete in detail.

For the boy who wants to build his own boat there are construction sets for building both sail and motor boats. Motors and all sorts of boat parts can also be had separately.

A fine bathtub toy is the set containing a rowboat and a whale and a swan and a frog and several other aquatic creatures made of celluloid, with a clockwork which can be fastened to them and will make them swim. We believed that we had outgrown bathtub toys, but we wouldn't mind experimenting with a set of these. Or with the little man in the diving suit who can be raised and lowered in the water by pumping air into him through a rubber tube.

TO return to grown-ups. The quest for gifts that are "unusual" and "different" frequently leads one into strange and horrible morasses of bad taste. Impossible to compute how many thousands of tons of "different" gifts are carted off by ash-men on December 26. And how frightful to us now are the "different" gifts of a generation ago! We happened on some in a relative's attic not so long ago—crocheted candlesticks and evil-looking penwipers and embroidered leather contraptions to hang on a wall and put a whisk broom in, and those atrocious jars to whose surface hairpins and thimbles and spools and nails and broken crockery had been attached, and the whole gilded.

We don't mean that an unusual thing is necessarily bad. We mean simply that it isn't necessarily good. And the more unusual it is, the more likely it is to be either very bad or very good. Unless you possess impeccable taste, don't go in for the extremely unusual, because for every very good thing there are a million very bad ones, and the law of averages is against you.

Some excellent gifts which aren't too unusual we saw in a shop[1] which imports a good many small things from Hungary. Hungarian head scarves of printed cashmere in many different designs and color combinations, which are good gifts for either men or women. Printed cashmere shawls with flower designs in brilliant peasant colors. Some new semicircular black silk shawls with heavy fringe and a delicate design in silver. Hungarian gold lace doilies, and some very good looking Hungarian pottery—ash-trays and small dishes, and mules embroidered in brilliant colors. And some very amusing dolls in Hungarian peasant costume. We covered also one of the round, very shallow, 18-inch, rather dull lacquer trays, in either yellow or pink or black.

[1] Lillian Miracle.

ANOTHER addition to our list of new games is the magnetized checkerboard, to which the checkers stick even when the board is shut up in its leather case and carried in the pocket. It is five inches square and can be had with chessmen. Very good for the traveling gamester.

A very compact game box is made by Abercrombie, containing chess, checkers, dominoes, cribbage, backgammon, dice, and playing cards. Speaking of which last reminds us that there are some black-faced playing cards now on the market which are amusing to use. The diamonds are in white, hearts in red, spades in yellow, and clubs in green.

NOW that we can't use the kitchen range any more to pop corn on, poppers are being made for gas ranges. These have a perforated cover and a handle which, being turned, keeps the corn in motion so it won't burn. There is also an electric popper which works in the same way.

Another new electrical device is a small heating unit which screws into the neck of a regular hot-water bottle and maintains the water at a uniform temperature. It comes with plenty of cord, so that there's no danger of giving the bottle a tug and pulling the unit out by the roots and getting a surprise bath at 3 A.M.

A LOT more of our pet animosities are coming on the market—the things that look like what they aren't. There is a loudspeaker that looks like a lamp, and actually has a lamp in it. There is a fire-screen which turns out to be a folding bridge-table, which might, after all, have its uses in a small apartment. And there are book-ends that are also pipe racks. We don't approve of these things that lead a double life, generally speaking, although there is sometimes a use for them.

W. R. B.

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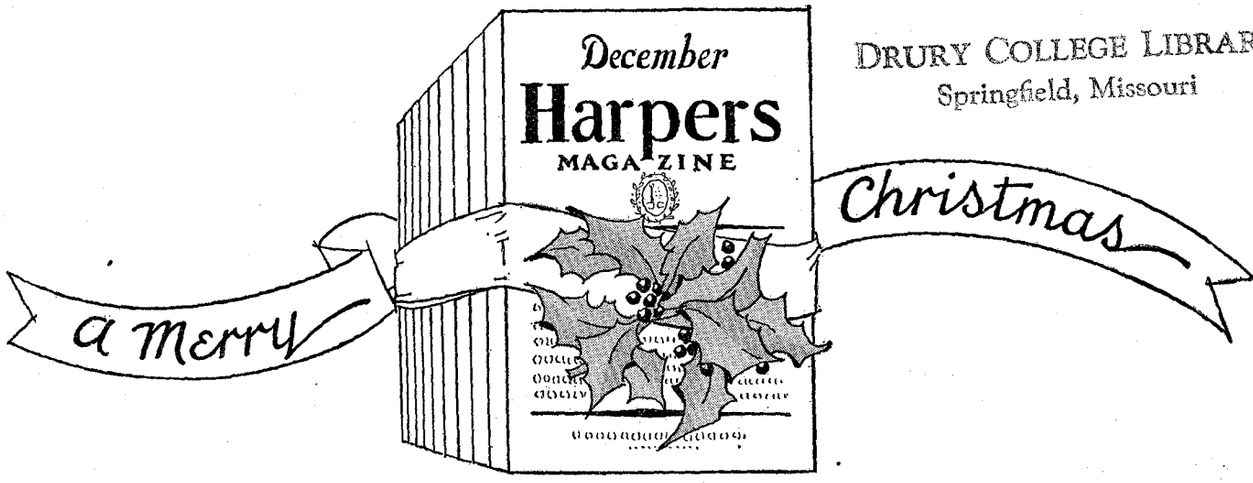

THE FLATTERING PRESENT

To give a friend HARPERS MAGAZINE for Christmas implies that he—or she—possesses a vigorous inquiring mind, daring imagination, and impeccable taste. For, after all, that is the sort of person for whom the new HARPERS MAGAZINE is published, and who, in turn, finds it sympathetic.

Among the people you care for there must be a number who would respond to the power and brilliance of Wilbur Daniel Steele's new novel, "Meat;" who would appreciate the fearless informative articles on politics, world events, education, manners, science that have made the new HARPERS the indispensable magazine among educated people. Think how they would enjoy such articles as Elmer Davis's "Decadent Boston," Samuel Hopkins Adams's "A Sabbatical Year for Marriage," "Christ on the Campus," by Joseph Fort Newton, and "Are Women A Success in Business?" by Dorothy H. Bromley.

Not only is HARPERS MAGAZINE the happiest choice, it is so easy to give. Fill out the coupon below and the names will be entered at once. A graceful card will announce your gift at Christmas time. And you save a dollar on every gift subscription, a considerable item at this time of year. For you may have two or more gift subscriptions at three dollars each instead of the regular price of $4.00.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

Why the Taxpayer Pays

WHEN a corporation buys machinery and equipment, it immediately begins to write off the annual depreciation by setting up a special fund. That is to say, the well-managed and up-to-date corporation adheres to this policy. The result is that when the machines are worn out money is available to replace them and the expense sheets for the year in which the replacements are made do not become unduly large. Depreciation policy is one of the important criteria in judging the financial statements of corporations.

But things are quite different in the average town or city government:

The town of B—— is an honestly managed and thrifty community. It has good roads, excellent schools, efficient Fire and Police Departments. Within a few months the chief of the Fire Department made the statement that the town would have to invest considerable sums

THIS department will furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to advise the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this service. Not more than five issues of stocks or bonds can be discussed in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to The Outlook Financial Department.

How Would You Invest a Million Dollars?

If you wished to travel and leave business behind

You would logically buy high-grade bonds. You would diversify as an added measure of safety. You would deal with a house that could not only help you make the right selections, but also afford you relief from detail in caring for the securities during your absence. Here is a concrete instance of just how we recently served one investor confronted with this problem.

A CUSTOMER of ours sold out his business for $1,000,000. He desired to travel, unhampered by financial cares. He asked us to assist him invest the money at as high a net return as safety would permit—income tax being a consideration.

We made up a list of first-grade bonds, diversified not only as to individual issues, but in a larger way, to build a well balanced investment structure. This included the required amount of tax-free issues. After taxes, the net return exceeded 5%. The bonds were all selected for quality—and, on the whole, were much more marketable than the situation made necessary.

Over 90% of all the issues included were immediately supplied from our own stock of bonds on hand. This is not an unusual instance. Halsey, Stuart & Co. is always well prepared to supply, from its own holdings, "Bonds to Fit the Investor"—whatever the amount or purposes of the investment may be. Such resources are of benefit to every one who invests through this house.

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$300,000 or 28.7% in Public Utility Bonds
Averaging in yield 5.46%

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If you are concerned about the structure of your own investment fund, if you are contemplating the conversion of other assets into bonds, we are always glad of the opportunity to discuss the problems with you without obligation. Our current list of bond offerings will be sent upon request. Ask for List OL-Z7.

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of money in new apparatus, largely to take the place of obsolescing engines and trucks. A member of the town government, learning that the purchase could be postponed for two or three years, proposed that the town immediately set up a depreciation account for the old apparatus and also begin to lay aside money out of the tax levy so that when the equipment must be bought it would not deal the town's pocketbook a staggering blow. It was conceded that this was just ordinary, wise business policy. But it could not be done. The thing was illegal.

Apparently what we need, at least in the older parts of the country, is a simplification of our laws, so that municipalities can conduct themselves like business beings, not like ancient, if honorable, guilds and corporations. Very pertinent to this subject are some remarks on the spending of the taxpayer's dollar, with particular reference to New England communities, by Gaylord C. Cummin, a consultant on city and municipal management problems. Says Mr. Cummin, for example:

"In going into this question of the expenditures—and, basically, that is the chief difficulty—we can fairly divide the entire problem of taxation into two divisions: first, cost of government; and, second, the distribution of that cost. We have heard something about the equitable distribution of the cost. In general, the distribution of the cost in New England is terrible. It is based upon statutes many of which were originally drawn in colonial times, and they have been patched and patched and patched until no human being knows what they mean. They contradict each other and do all kinds of queer things, and it is usually the job of a board of assessors, generally made up of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, to interpret them and work under them.

"It is possible to have economy in government if you want economy in government; I am not so sure that you do. It is not only that the politician spends money foolishly in public affairs, but the politician often spends money foolishly because hard-headed and sensible business men insist upon his spending it. You can all think of examples in your own cities of where, on one hand, you have a group of representative business men insisting that the cost of government be cut down and, on the other hand, the same men are going to the city fathers and demanding that certain things be done. Well, you just can't do both."

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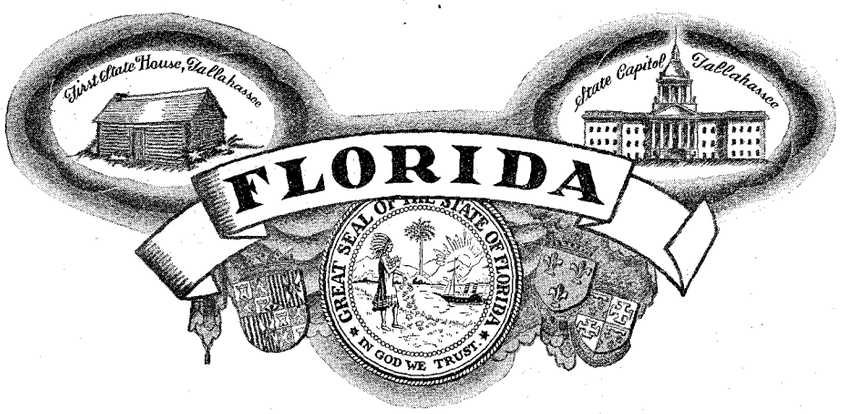

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that comes from failure to understand finance, Mr. Cummin writes:

"Let me cite a few personal experiences in working with communities trying to improve their efficiency in the expenditure of public funds. The chief trouble is that most of them do not quite understand their finances. That is entirely excusable when we remember that one large city recently elected a barber as city treasurer. I was working with the budget of the school board in that city—not in New England—made up of successful business men. They wanted to levy $150,000 to pay for a floating deficit of $300,000. They had just had their books audited by a firm of certified public accountants, and they had had them audited for many years, but the superintendent of schools told me he could not see how that deficit had increased in the past year, because he had stayed well within his budget. Well, we went into it, and we found items, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars apiece, that did not appear on the books because they were accounts receivable. They did not put those on the books, and therefore the auditors had not seen them and did not know anything about them. Instead of a deficit of $300,000, they really had a surplus of $354,000, and they did not levy that $150,000.

"I analyzed a sinking fund a little while ago. It was planned to levy $41,000 for the annual installment this year. Analysis showed that the sinking fund already had $252,000 more in it than necessary to repay the bonds at maturity. In our analysis of the accounts of the city, we were able to find $114,000 they did not know they had, which we applied to reducing taxation.

"A certain city was having difficulty in letting its street-contracts. They were getting very high bids, and could not see why they should pay higher prices than neighboring cities. We went over their contract form. It was a contract which gave the city a chance to interfere at every point; some city official had the final say on everything. When we eliminated all the uncertainties of that nature, the contractors were able to put their prices down where they belonged.

"Another city was building its streets so badly that the authorities had convinced themselves that no paved street could last over five years. Investigation showed they were using obsolete specifications, and their inspection was sketchy, to put it mildly. When we came to glance over the sewer plans—and I should mention that this city is built on a ledge—we discovered they were building them at a minimum depth that was two feet more than was necessary. That provision alone added about twenty per cent to the cost of their sewers."

What, if anything, is the remedy for this situation? It seems rather hopeless, and it is particularly discouraging to taxpayers—more so to them than to bond-owners. "Elect honest men to office" will not do it. The trouble lies deeper and goes to the root of our difficulties in attempting to create a democracy that is economical. It goes back to what seems to us the basic fact in American public life—the indifference and ignorance of the average citizen as to public affairs.

If this is true, the only adequate remedy is for the taxpayers to overcome their indifference and turn their ignorance into knowledge. A taxpayer single-handed cannot do this unless he is master of his own time and possesses an independent income. But taxpayers associated together, contributing to the employment of some competent analyst of municipal involvements, can work amazing wonders.

In the interest of the investment which most of us have in some community, in some more or less uneconomical municipality, give this at least one moment's thought.

W. L. S

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Nicaragua and American Intervention

(Continued from page 462)

need for the influence of the politically advanced nations on the politically backward ones is firmly rooted in deep conviction.

If I have criticised sometimes the American policy in Nicaragua, I have done so on the ground that it has not protected the Nicaraguan people from abuses of power with the same energy that it has defended the stability of bad Governments, such as those of Chamorro and Diaz. The Department of State offers the defense that it neither can nor should act against the sovereignty of the republic; but the misfortunes of the Nicaraguan people are worthy of some consideration; and if we were not allowed to crown with laurels of victory the costly triumph achieved by the Constitutionalist army, watch should be kept so that our adversaries might no longer invade the rights of a weakened and disarmed people.

Although it is said that nations can develop in isolation, history does not support the statement. Vestiges of lost civilizations—in India, Persia, and Egypt—enlightened Greece and Rome. Sparks of the light stamped upon by the barbarians remained in the religious orders of the Middle Ages and relighted the torch of civilization for Europe and America. So the more developed republics transmit their laws and their democratic habits to those that are still in their infancy. Nicaragua gained independence, but republican habits were foreign to us. Monarchical and absolutist roots had penetrated deeply into Nicaraguan society. We must learn from others the ways of republicanism and liberty.

Such were the ideas that brought about the surrender of the Constitutionalist arms. We rest upon the promise of Henry L. Stimson, made in the name of the United States. The honor of the United States we consider a sufficient guaranty.

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On a Highly Desirable State

(Continued from page 466)

I did manage to assemble a good man, piecing him together with scraps from my reader, the Temperance Catechism, and the admonitions of my teachers.

He was frugal in all matters save industry. It was his special pride that he had worked for fifty years without a vacation. The first dollar he ever earned was framed and hung above the desk where he was to be found six days a week, an hour before his clerks arrived in the morning. When he spoke, which was not often, it was to quote moral maxims: "Honesty is the best policy;" "Waste not, want not;" "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." Any suit of clothes was satisfactory if it was black; and his socks were three for a quarter. He was superintendent of the Sunday school, and not niggardly toward church and mission funds. He voted the straight Republican ticket.

He was a little dry, but not a bad fellow at all. Has he any place in the modern scene? Well, the President is undeniably popular. How closely does that image, evolved twenty-five years fit Mr. Coolidge?

But Mr. Coolidge smokes cigars and likes vaudeville. If moral standards were immutable and one interdiction as good as another, he is a sinner; otherwise, the man who has seen "Abie's Irish Rose" a dozen times without apparent ill effects may begin to question the validity of other prohibitions. And that won't do.

Mr. Coolidge falls short of the ideal, too, in suggesting some of the individualistic virtues of the old American. He, too, was concerned for his soul; but he knew that he alone could save it and that it was all the soul-saving one man could undertake. And that won't do, either, if I know my moral perfectionists.

I BEGIN to wish I had left this subject alone. I meant only to express an opinion as to the real issue of prohibition; and here I am involved with moral perfection again, and with the same old consequences.

My very uncertainty must make it clear, however, that a new conception of the highly desirable state is badly needed. My generation is just getting into the saddle. It is going to have a good deal to say about the affairs of the Nation for the next twenty years. It is going to have a President; it is going to dominate government and industry for a time before it goes the way of all men.

Yet here it stands with a drink in its hand and confusion in its heart. Muddled! And twenty good years ahead; work to be done; and life asking to be lived.

Ascetism might do. It might do very well. It is in the American tradition. But moral perfection—

Not another word about it, except to insist that it is an issue along with prohibition, larger than prohibition. Both have to be dealt with. Where shall we begin?

A first-rate beginning, it seems to me is a frank confession of fundamental belief by a wet leader, along the lines suggested in an earlier part of this article. Is there a wet who can take a drink without fear of damnation and without undue concern for m——l p——n? What is James W. Wadsworth doing with his time these days?

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DURING NEXT YEAR LISTEN

YOU of course wish to know what the vigorous minds, the vitalizing minds, are thinking about the perplexing problems of today which beset us all. For multitudes, life is hollow; it has no inherent meaning. Happiness is luck; it depends upon adventitious circumstances. If you are prosperous, if your work is congenial, if you are happily married, if you have children who turn out well, life indeed seems worth while. But when circumstances are adverse, where are the springs of happiness and courage? How can one keep the captaincy of his soul when life's common goods turn to ashes? Great souls are now living among us who have met life on its own terms and yet have gone steadily on their way. THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY has induced a notable company of such men and women to write, intimately and revealingly, on this subject, beginning in the first issue of 1928.

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What the War Did to My Mind

IT IS NEARLY ten years since the close of the world war—long enough to warrant our now taking inventory of its effects upon our thinking. Who of us looks out upon the world with the same eyes that he used in 1914? What change in outlook, in convictions, has the terrific experience of the war produced in your mind? That question has been put to a dozen thinkers who, as a group, cover a wide range of intellectual variety. They will answer it in The Christian Century beginning in January. Among the contributors to the discussion will be

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Protestantism's Most Conspicuous Preacher.

PAUL JONES
A Bishop of the Episcopal Church who paid a great price to keep his faith.

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